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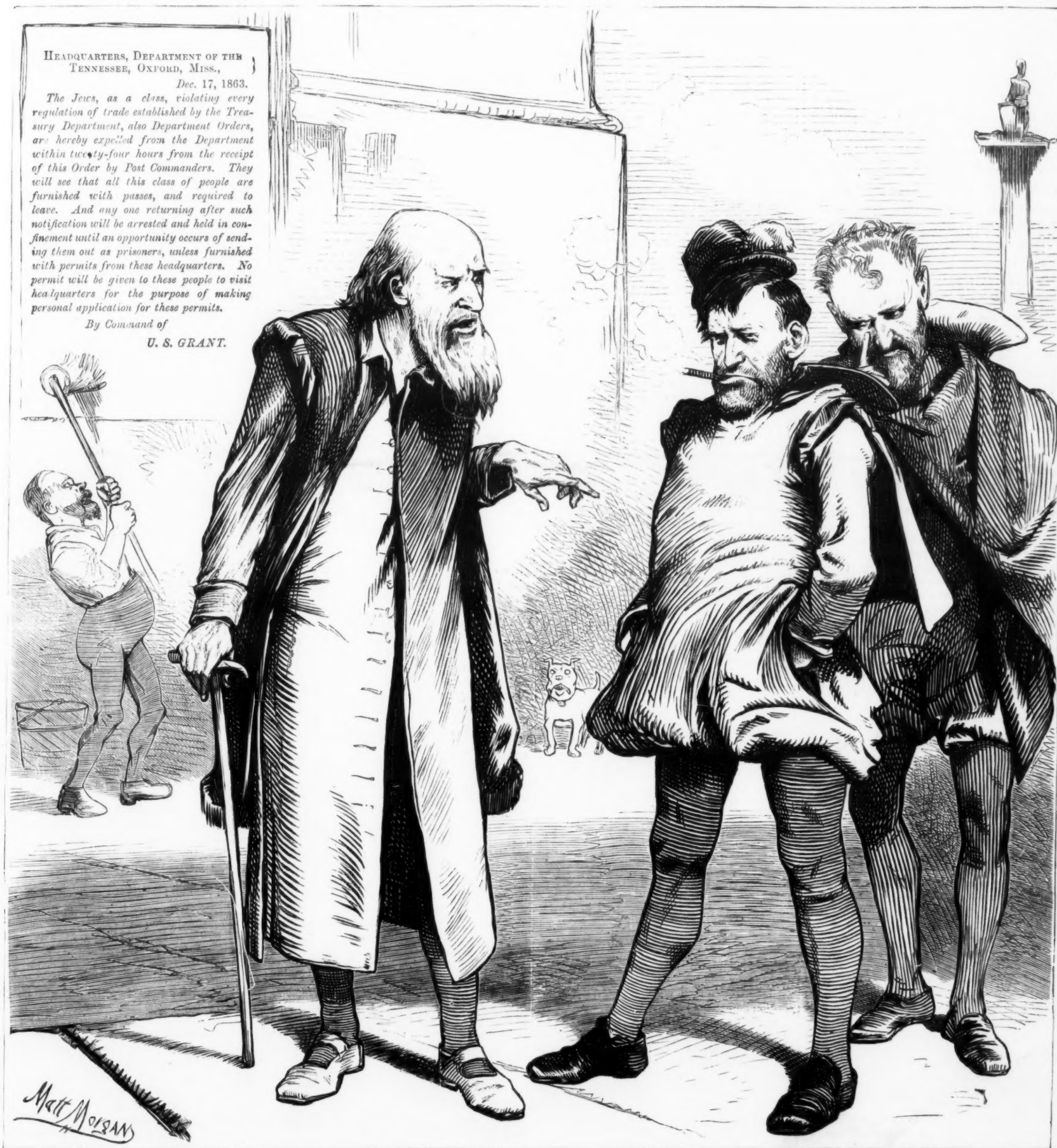
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THEN AND NOW.

"You call me misbeliever, cutthroat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

CAUTION.

We have received several letters recently from the Western States, notifying us that a man calling himself J. H. Johnson, J. H. Fisher, etc., has been collecting subscriptions for our publications, and decamping with the money. We beg to announce, for the hundredth time, that we employ no traveling agents, and that all who represent themselves as such are impostors, who should be handed over to the police.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only illustrated journal in the country which supports the great popular movement in politics which was initiated at the Cincinnati Convention, and having been now indorsed at Baltimore, will be crowned with success at the polls in November. It is, therefore, especially the campaign organ of the great Liberal Party of the country. We wish to call this fact to the attention of all who sympathize with us in this grand movement for Reform, and especially to our friends of the Press in the South and West.

KERNAN AND DIX.

THE State ticket received an irresistible impulse at the magnificent New York Ratification Meeting—which, since Sumner, is the greatest outpouring of the masses known in the Empire City. Advice from the interior of the State, from Governor Seymour and Alvord and Littlejohn, and a private letter from Judge Selden, all speak one voice—it is, that triumph is assured for the Liberals of New York in November.

Opposed to Kernan—an able, pure vigorous man—is the octogenarian political humbug, General Dix, who was tricked on his Convention by Clews and Thurlow Weed. The contrast between these men, and in favor of Kernan, is that between vigor and imbecility, between freshness and staleness, between sincerity and dissimulation, between conviction and hypocritical pretense—for, from head to foot, Dix is all pretense. If ever there was a mere pasteboard man, a political and military and diplomatic sham, a puffed-up figurehead, made out of shreds and patches, undeniably "General" Dix (who never was at a battle!) is, what time permits to linger of such a man.

The record of his own speeches shows that "General" Dix, both in 1860 and 1864, pronounced in favor of secession rather than the prosecution of the war against "the wishes of the majority of the South." His record shows him at the head of Andy Johnson's policy, and of that noted man's Philadelphia Convention. And as a "reform" President of the Erie Railroad, it is demonstrated that he pocketed out of what was left of the assets of that thief-ridden corporation (for the use of his head for less than three months, as a figurehead) the modest sum of fifteen thousand dollars, which is at the rate of sixty thousand per year. General Dix's salary as Major-General was seven thousand dollars, and his salary as Treasurer of Trinity Church was ten thousand dollars. From which, it would appear that the General required seven thousand dollars to espouse the loyal side in the war, and ten thousand dollars to keep him in active service in the Church in peace.

With a record like this, Dix declares he cannot vote for Mr. Greeley, because Mr. Greeley was in favor of what Dix calls secession!

We have no patience with the worn-out Pecksniff Dix. At most he is a Wall Street stool-pigeon, and the musty stock-in-trade of Convention-mongers.

The only objection made to Kernan is made by the New York Times, and of course re-echoed by its kind, that Kernan is a Roman Catholic. The Times, Harpers' Weekly, and other bigoted Grant Courtiers, hate the Irish as badly as the Know-Nothing Wilson hates them; as bitterly as Grant hated the Jews when he exterminated them out of his lines by his famous Order against "Jews as a Class." This sort of bigotry will not go down, however, with any

class of intelligent and Christian men. We are safe from a war of sects.

We append what General Dix said, in a speech at the Cooper Institute, in 1864—only to show the hypocrisy of the man in his denunciation of Horace Greeley:

"If the Southern States, after calm deliberation, and after carefully considering all the consequences, had decided, with the consent of the others, and with a full recognition of their responsibility to the Union, to withdraw peaceably from it, there are many of us who would have preferred separation to civil war."

Of course this utterance is guarded and sneaking, for it is the utterance of Dix. But it meant Peace with Separation, as opposed to War for Union.

THE STRAIGHT-OUTS.

THE contemptible Straight-out Conspiracy is at work again. None but a wicked, or an obstinate and heedless Democrat, will fall into that pit. We have over and over demonstrated how this Conspiracy is engineered by Grant, through such tools as William M. Tweed, and Morton, and the Federal machinery. It is evident to all men that there is not an honest hair in the head of the movement.

Mr. O'Connor's position in the concern is, in our judgment, contemptible. In a shuffling, evasive way he accepts the nomination of the Louisville roughs. The joyful Grant branch of the Conspiracy are already getting up O'Connor machinery. In New York it starts at Albany under Tweed (who is behind the scenes). Under Morton, it is begun in Indiana, and so on. It will make its main endeavor in the early part of this month, as we learn, through such Grant organs as the New York Times—which, by-the-way, is now said to be edited by that sly old man, Thurlow Weed, who, it is alleged, crams the Cockney Bohemian with the slang-work of this campaign.

The boast and hope of this Conspiracy is to take from the Democrats a percentage of strength equal to that which Greeley subtracts from the Grantites, and in this way to elect Grant. This is the hope and boast of the conspirators.

The honest Democrat, who wants Grant elected, should vote outright for Grant. No skulking; no hiding. But the honest Democrat will not vote for Grant. Therefore these conspirators try to delude him into such vote by putting up O'Connor as a decoy-duck. And the stately O'Connor does not object; although his pitiful evasion, as exhibited in that cunning special plea, which he calls his "letter," plainly shows that he is ashamed of the company he keeps.

The main hope for this Conspiracy is founded in the city of New York. Now, every true, sensible Democrat knows that, had he the power to do so, he could not frame a better party, on the issues of to-day, than is that based on the Baltimore and Cincinnati Platform, and on Mr. Greeley's Letter of Acceptance. Why, then, vote for Grant, either directly or indirectly?

A word to the Bourbon leaders: What do you expect to make by this movement? The Grant portion of you, the Roughs and Rogues, of course, make the venal wages of conspirators. But the good and obstinate men, what will they thus make? If Grant is elected, does the honest Bourbon leader suppose that old ante-war Bourbonism can ever come to the front again in American politics? Four years hence, with Grant's re-election, unless by that time we have become an empire, or a monarchy, all that is left of party Democracy will be hunted down and exterminated. If Greeley shall be elected, think you that the young Democratic Republican Party will turn back to recognize those who sought to betray them in this trying hour?

As to Mr. O'Connor, his sole, segregated, sublime amusement is to construct an impossible Constitution; to beget an impossible body politic; to evoke chaos out of order; to transmogrify a small slice of the Democracy into what may be called an O'Connor Clan. His stock-in-trade for this august object he asserts to be the armory of the old Greek and Roman giants. In point of fact, however, it is just such a stock of worthless trash as the Yankee peddler exhibits when he shows his rainbow merchandise to the old ladies. He is the figure-head of a Conspiracy spawned from Corruption and Venality.

In such a position, it is not worth while for Mr. O'Connor to try and stultify us with the tears of Niobe, or the ravings of Cassandra, or the lamentations of Jeremiah over this weak and tottering Government of our Fathers, as he describes our System to be. And so (for we must be classic when we talk to this venerable gentleman) we say to Mr. O'Connor, "You cannot retrograde our Eagle, even though Grant himself play the Ganyemed to bring the bird to you! You cannot revive the worship of Osiris and Horus! You cannot restore the reign of the Son of Ramses II., who ruled fifteen centuries before Christ, and who is supposed to be the very Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel!"

No. These conspirators, try how they may

to scuttle our ship, never, never more will be recognized on her quarter-deck!

AN INSTRUCTIVE BOOK.

DR. TYLER, of the Maryland Bar, has done a timely work in a well-executed memoir of the late Chief-Justice Taney. It befits this era of love and good brotherhood that the memory of Taney should be vindicated in its purity.

The fame of Taney suffered always from partisan rancor. Especially during the Jackson era, during the Slave struggles, and during our late civil war. But the truthful mind will rank Taney with the purest of his peers who have adorned the Supreme Bench.

He was an old-fashioned lawyer—of the O'Connor type, but who rose far above O'Connor's subtlety and narrowness—and of eminent legal learning. He believed, however, that the Supreme Court of the United States was the *Ultima Thule*, the boundary of everything; and so he had but limited respect for politico-legal disquisitions.

Regarding everything as a mere lawyer, he saw the foundation of Slavery in the Law of Nations, and not in Municipal Law. We all remember how he was denounced for his pronounced dogma, "The negro slave has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." This was the utterance of the lawyer, not of the man; forced from him by that barbarous Slave Code, whose provisions clearly sustained the dictum uttered by the Judge. All of us can now see that Chief-Justice Taney did more, by that naked and bare exposition of the actual legal condition of the slave, toward ending the barbarous reign of Slavery in America, than could or did all the combined word-agitators.

Unlike Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Taney did not hold Slavery to be a divine right—a postulate which Mr. O'Connor elaborated in a pamphlet, which he put out just preceding the outbreak of our civil war. Personally, the Chief-Justice was a kind friend to the Blacks, who flocked to him as to a father, as well in social and religious as in mere secular matters—such is the testimony of his biographer.

Like Mr. O'Connor, however, Chief-Justice Taney could never comprehend *silent leges inter arma*; so, in the celebrated *Merryman habeas corpus* case, he rather ludicrously shook his law-books from his closet at the armed legions of the Government.

His latter days were clouded in O'Connor gloom, occasioned only by his oft-expressed apprehension that the prestige and glory of the Supreme Court of the United States had departed for ever. He saw it crippled in what he declared to be its jurisdiction; he saw the salaries of its Judges taxed for war purposes, against which he protested, as an act beyond the constitutional power of Congress, since the pay of the Judiciary was fixed for the lives of the incumbents, at a uniform rate, by the Constitution.

That class of old men have left us for ever. Mr. O'Connor, in a small way, is about the last who affects to imitate them. The Supreme Court of the United States is simply regarded nowadays like any other Court, subject to the will of the people and to the laws of the land, when such will is expressed finally by the Government. It is not left for those respectable men to govern our political and legal destiny, as an oligarchy—a fact which Mr. Charles O'Connor seems to regret!

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

THESE will be settled when our issue reaches many of our subscribers. From the vote of Georgia, it is very evident that the South is pressing for Unity and Peace.

Pennsylvania seems assured, as does Indiana; but the shameful Colonization Frauds, and the organization of repeaters and false registrations—all of which are proved by affidavits and figures as being resorted to by the Administration in Indiana and Pennsylvania—must be taken into the account. In Ohio the complexion of things is astonishingly favorable. We shall not wonder if we find that State completely revolutionized.

These elections will clear away the smoke and develop the field. If we win, it will be as sublime a triumph as the Reformers won over Tweed. If we fail in October, we must remember this great advantage remains, viz., that in November as the elections all take place on the same day, it will be impossible for Grant to concentrate his machinery, as now he does, on segregated States.

THE JEWS.

OUR artist admirably illustrates and also transcribes Grant's Order persecuting the Jews. Those who read it will observe unmistakably that this Order amounted to persecution, and that it was conceived in a spirit of vulgar prejudice against the Jews as a Class. It will also be noticed that he speaks of no particular man or men, as offender or offenders; but that he kicks out the Jews "as a class" from his lines. He styles them, con-

temptuously, as "those persons." And so tyrannical is he in this Order, that he even refuses to permit that "class" so proscribed by him to come to his headquarters for permits to pass his lines, or to make any explanations to him whatever.

We have given prominence to this subject in no sectarian spirit, but just the contrary, to exhibit the narrow and despotic nature of the man who asks for re-election—nay, who demands it, as it were, at the head of an army.

Our Constitution does not recognize sectarian creeds. With us all forms of religion are equally respected by the law, and this blessed fact is one of the main rocks on which our institutions rest.

As a race, Judaism embraces more names of eminence in the financial, art and literary world, comparatively, than any other. Grant ought to have lived in the days when Jews were hounded by tyranny, as if they were so much vermin. No doubt he imbibed his ideas of Jews from the most vulgar sources. Grant's hatred of the Jew is a fit companion-picture to Senator Wilson's hatred of Catholics. We recommend the careful attention of our readers to the words of Grant's Order, which will be found in another column. In barbarity and rudeness it stands alone in the record of modern civilization.

GREELEY AS A BUSINESS MAN.

MR. A. T. STEWART, whom President Grant wanted to make his Secretary of the Treasury, was interviewed by a reporter of the *Herald* on the subject of Greeley's business qualities, etc. Mr. Stewart said, among other things, that in his judgment no hazard to business could result from Mr. Greeley's election. On the contrary, he roundly indorses Greeley's Tariff policy, as explained in the latter's Letter of Acceptance. On the financial policy we quote Mr. Stewart's exact words, which are an epitome of Mr. Greeley's ideas:

"Mr. Stewart—Can you tell me what are the views of Mr. Boutwell? I never could learn that he had any special views or policy. I supposed his course was controlled by his judgment of existing circumstances. So far as his policy consists in purchasing, at a large premium, Government bonds not yet due, I think the sooner that this is terminated the better for the country; and the sooner it is understood that the Government intends entering upon a policy which at some future time, no matter how remote, will lead to a resumption of specie payments, the better it will be for everybody. Continuing the course that has been pursued the last four years will never lead us to specie payments, but leaves every merchant at the mercy of gold gamblers."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK city is full of actors. Lucca, Kellogg, Mario, Patti, Ronconi are the singing-birds; and then we have the Boucicaults, husband and wife; also, Wallack's Comedy, Fifth Avenue, Niblo's, Olympic, and all that—things desirable for the million, and very necessary to recreate Wall Street nerves and Bohemian brains.

Some good folks call these immoral; some wise folks say "rubbish." The *blasé* pray to see once more the *divas* and ideals of their youth, and all that sort of thing. Some nincompoops go into ecstasies; and vaporing "critics" write "prodigiously," as Domine Sampson was wont to say, about the "Drama," till their techniques and word-paint astound plain people.

It's no use bothering about matters of taste, aesthetics, unities and so on, connected with the sung or spoken Drama, nor yet to rail about legs. The question is, Do these things amuse people? Do any of them run *contra bonos mores*? If they amuse, and if they do not become licentious nuisances, all well. But there's no sense in ecstatic dedications of stage-people, the greatest of whom borrow most of their glory from the auditor's ideality and the composer's or playwright's genius. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

A RETROSPECT.

WHEN Grant came into power, the nation was malleable and plastic. The highest hopes were entertained of him. He had the universal confidence of the great public of both sections; for he had declared for "peace."

If he had been equal to the times, in mind and in heart, what a benefactor he might have been! He might have purified official and political morals, by simply setting the example, in his own person, of Devotion to Duty. His own obedience to the laws would have restored them to universal supremacy.

But he did not take the Presidency from any such standpoint as this. He took it as a Gift and as a Job! The Rings outbid his patriotism. He yielded! And seldom has man fallen, so far, so fast.

Grant is the very centre of all sorts of Discord and Demoralization, of which himself is the sole author. The tide of corruption rolls around and in every part of his Administration; it even rises above the feet of the Judiciary! Circling out from him go Rings within Rings—all corrupt, until even the rank and file

are debauched by the fearful example of Grant's bold, bad, ignorant, reckless men in power.

That nice sense with which public trust was wont to be regarded is just as dead and rotten among Grant's Retainers as ever it was among those of Caligula or William M. Tweed. No Government in all the world is administered so wholly as is this in the interest of Persons and Parties, and in total neglect and contempt of the Public Will. It is a riotous, plundering camp, from Washington to Long Branch. One's blood fairly curdles even at the "ghost of the apprehension" which looks forward to four years more of this Political Plague.

"POOR CARLOTTA!"

It is said that Maria Carlotta, widowed Empress of Maximilian, is dying. Poetry has seldom created a more touching fiction than is the sad tragedy of Maximilian and his "Carlotta." It is a tale of persecution and exile, of love and literature, of chivalry and death.

The young and brilliant Maximilian was hated by his brother, the Emperor of Austria, because of his Italian popularity, and of a daily beauty in his life which made Francis Joseph hateful to himself, even as *Jago* for the same reason detested the virtuous *Cissio*. So the young Prince shrunk from the Court, and withdrew, with his wife, to the seclusion of a castle, to them another Forest of Ardenne, where art and literature winged their cheerful hours.

In this retreat, Napoleon III. found this happy, Christian, inexperienced, loving pair, whom he seduced into playing the fatal Mexican rôle, which, in his programme, was to establish French Imperial power permanently in Mexico. The youthful Maximilian was deceived by a *plébiscite*, and the lying solicitations of a venal Mexican Assembly—all an intrigue, and in the pay, of Napoleon—to accept that throne, for the honest object of establishing Christian civilization in distracted and half-barbarous Mexico. True to his mission, Maximilian, led to believe a lie, advanced his soon assailed standard through blood, until his cause was lost; and he degraded his better nature by some acts of war which rather seal him as a religious enthusiast than brand him as in any sense naturally cruel. When all was lost, he refused to desert Mexico, although the French ships furnished the means of escape. His beloved wife was then absent on a vain journey to France and Rome, pleading for succor from Napoleon and the Pope.

Maximilian died like a soldier and martyr. His last words and thoughts were of his wife. "Poor Carlotta!" he murmured, when his lips were almost fixed in death.

Since that tragical end, Carlotta has been a maniac; and as tender and touching has been the poetry of her bewildered existence as is that which immortalizes *Ophelia*, whom she resembles. All humane hearts will rejoice if that pure soul has been freed to rejoin the love which it so worshiped on earth, and to find rest there, where, as we devoutly hope, all is love and peace for the pure in heart.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NO. XXVIII.

KING GRANT'S COURT.

It is amusing as well as amazing to see how history repeats itself. I propose to-day to exhibit some features of King Grant's Court which will illustrate that old maxim. Before outlining such picture, however, allow me to sum up the points against President Grant, which "Junius" has, in previous Letters, fully elaborated, proved and detailed.

Grant was elected nearly four years ago with the full consent of his party, with every motive, with every opportunity, and with full power to do inexorable good—to unite a nation; to blend the affections of the races; to reform the Civil Service; to set the One-Term example, and to build up and make a Conservative Party enduring. Yet to-day the most eminent chiefs in the Republican Party have abandoned him; Greeley, Schurz, Trumbull, Fenton, Banks, Sumner, with hundreds of thousands of Liberal Republicans. Only the most groveling soul of the Parasite will affirm that this defection is the result of disappointed ambition on the part of these Republican leaders and soldiers. No. This defection springs from the profound conviction that Grant's Administration is a Failure and a Crime.

It has been a Failure in all its foreign and home service. Grant's meddling with the *Alabama* matter is now proven to have been a senseless farce and an impotent failure. We return, as its result, to the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty; we retire with a few millions of Compensatory pounds, which, when all expenses and counter-claims from England against our people shall be adjusted, will actually leave us Britain's debtor. In reconciling the Union, in harmonizing the Blacks and Whites, which should have been the great business and glory of the nation since the war, Grant is a hopeless failure. In our Indian policy we have seen failure everywhere, bloodshed, immense expenditure, imbecility and the most outrageous corruption. So much for Failures.

The Crime of the Administration has been in the Civil Service, which it has almost brutalized. This Service has been made subservient only to Greed and Power. To enrich himself, and extend his power over four more years, and perhaps indefinitely, Grant has set the example whose result has been the operations of corrupt Rings, whose frauds and monopolies extend from the White House to the Navy Yards and Customs of Maine and Texas, and even to remote Alaska, poisoning in their circle, till we behold an in-

famous jobbing net-work enfolding all the great enterprises of the country. War has been illegally declared against Hayti; an armed vessel in New Orleans, under Casey, has been employed to carry away the members of a State Legislature in order to subvert the Government of a State, and to deprive it of a quorum—to subvert the interests of Grant's Reformation. To the same end Habeas Corpus has been suspended, and martial law has been declared; the plainest provisions of statute law have been disregarded to furnish the French with arms against Germany. More land grants have been given to corporations than is contained in seven States like Ohio—so says Senator Thurman, on his personal and Senatorial responsibility. From the Cabinet down, all the Public Service is abroad from Washington, stumping and corrupting the land for Grant, with money drawn fraudulently (as in the case of Maine and North Carolina) from the Treasury. Grant and his Cabinet have deserted their posts at Washington, habitually, for the purposes of amusement and party politics. Gifts bartered for office, and all sorts of office-brokerage, are the order of the day. Blacks and Whites, and the North and South, have been urged to hate each other as Races and as Sections. While the Blacks have been properly enfranchised, the Whites have been oppressively disfranchised, only to enable the Blacks to rule the South in the interest of Grant. And so horrible has been the joint rule of the Blacks and the Carpetbaggers, that the income tax paid by Ohio alone, in 1871, equaled that paid by the nine States of Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee and Florida! Senator Thurman makes an estimate from official data which shows that the single County of Hamilton, in Ohio, paid more income tax in 1871 than did the five States of Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, and North and South Carolina! Local government has nearly disappeared. Can the history of any Administration, in any civilized land, exhibit a more horrible record of imbecility, lawlessness, oppression, and crime, than has this?

And now I come to the COURT OF KING GRANT, to illustrate how history repeats itself, amusingly as well as amazingly.

In King Grant's Court we see some of the grossest features of the dissipation of the Court of Louis XV., when Power forgot God and studied only Human Life and Passions. When Authority saw neither the abyss beneath its feet nor the heaven above its head. When Public Morality was public insensibility. When the King's motto was, "After me, the Deluge!" In Louis's day every courtier stalked arrogantly, followed by his personal suite of vices, in imitation of the King, who fairly stood on Debauchery, and who sung the loose songs of the tavern. Louis laughed at the efforts of Reformers and mocked them. He was quite as much devoted to the arts of Madame de Pompadour, and to the fumes of his gallant orgies, as Grant is devoted to the rule of Morton, Conkling and Cameron, and to the riots of the stable. When the Minister said to Louis, "Sire, the people suffer," the King only replied, "I am ennuied." He rested the glory of his reign on the labors of Louis XIV. just as Grant rests his on those of the Republican Party, on the taxes, and on the blood shed in our war—and then Louis sunk contentedly, like Grant, into his bed of pleasure. Louis hated dignity. He was ennuied with State work. He laid down his sceptre at Madame Pompadour's feet, just as Grant does his in his stables and kennels and cottages. Louis's age had for its high priests Voltaire, Jean-Jacques and Diderot, typed, in our more practical Grant day by PUBLIC DEMOCRATIZATION, such as corrupt Rings and Nepotism, and Office-brokerage and Gift-bearers. Under Louis taxes ruined agriculture; priests and courtiers settled upon France like crows—they were its Carpetbaggers. Honors were worn only by cowards and intriguers, like the Caseys, Cramers and Murphys, and exile was the reward of genius and public courage, like that of Sumner, Greeley, Trumbull, Banks and Schurz.

And Louis on his deathbed said, "After me, the Deluge." Yes, and the deluge came. It was a deluge of blood! At last a worn-out People lifted an iron arm and gave the final blow. Liberty knocked at the gate of the Louvre; but Louis would not hear, so busy was he in his pleasures. Then Liberty knocked down the gate and overturned the throne!

Louis's courtiers were Song-birds and Punsers. This was the fact because the King set the example of verse-writing and punning. And so, in Court-circles, all was song in that day. "Like master like man"—just as now it is that all is Gift-taking and Public Plunder and Jobs of all sorts, and Bribery and Election Frauds in the Civil Service, in meek imitation of King Grant's example. Louis's Court sung at the people and punned over their sufferings! They sung songs against the Jansenists, the Revolutionists and the Jesuits. They "danced on the volcano," just as Grant's men make merry over the disturbed condition of this land—over our sectional chasm which they will not close! Over our Blacks and Whites, between whom they stimulate hatred!

I forget if Louis XV. had a Poet-Laureate; but King Grant has one. Our King's Organ and Song-bird is the New York *Times*, whose music is crammed for it by Thurlow Weed, and ground out by a Cockney unnaturalized Bohemian, lately imported. Its style, nowadays, is the "bloody" English style of all those imported Cockney journalists, who have heard from some silly writer over in London that, to succeed in politics in America, a newspaper must be slangy and vulgar, gross and personal. So this scribe seldom pens a paragraph without calling somebody a scoundrel or a thief. He writes platitudes with clearness and force, but in the vein of a pompous swell and blackguard, and a slanderer. He has dragged that journal, as compared with Mr. Raymond's day, almost to the gutter. The respectable Press of the nation are ashamed of and disgusted with it. The chief recommendation of the *Times* is, that one lucky day, when a Tammany thief fell out with the old Tweed Ring about the common plunder, the thief stole the accounts of their robberies, and betrayed the Ring for money to the *Times*. The *Times* then had an unsettled bill with the Ring also. On this exalted motive it did good service to its pockets and to the public by its exposures of Old Tammany; with whose leaders, at this very moment, however, Grant is confederated, as the Louisville Bourbon Convention undoubtedly proves, as do the *shams* of prosecutions against Tweed & Co., which have been delayed until the public at last, through the efforts of the New York *Tribune*, have compelled a show of their prosecution.

As Grant's Poet-Laureate, the function of the *Times* has been Campanological and Culinary. It has rung the Grant chimenes perpetually. Its paeans of joy, its sobs of woe, its shrieks of alarm, its tintinnabulations, have been faithful to all Grant's moods. In its Kitchen function it has been the duty of the *Times* to take care of the Grant Party serfs; to see that there was no gunpowder-plot in the cellar; that Betty was not putting arsenic into the soup; that Sam was

not secreting a rusty musket in the stable. It has attended faithfully to the Administration *prop*. It has managed the Grant duodenum. It has marked his digestion and produced his chyme and his chyle. It has been for thumb-screwing and iron-booting, for grilling and gobbling all Grant's adversaries, like an imbruted slave in the service of a brutified master. Like Grant's, so its campaign spirit has been sanguinary, like the hiss of a scourge, the bark of a pistol or the clash of a Bowie-knife. It has erected all Grant's scarecrows, bullied all his underlings, swaggered all his swaggers, announced Grant's intention of hanging all his prisoners of war, and helped Grant to nullify the laws which he has desecrated, and to control a Government which, in his conduct, he has disowned.

It is this *Times* that the Government is franking by cart-loads over the country, even opening the *Tribune* packages and substituting for it the *Times* in the more remote country post-offices. And this outrage is perpetrated for the reason that this *Times* has arrogantly defended all Grant's acts and those of his Rings. It has declared all the charges against Grant to be lies, notwithstanding every salient one of these is proven by undoubted evidence—such as the oaths of good men, by the investigations of Committees, and by the history of the day. Its Campaign issue is a flood of Falsehood and Slander.

Of course, as it has defended Grant in this wicked and reckless spirit, so in the same spirit it has defamed Horace Greeley. It has charged him as being a Secessionist; as having conspired with rebels to betray the Union Cause during the war; as pledged to pay the rebel war debt, to pay for rebel slave property, to pension rebel soldiers; as being banded with the old rebel leaders to restore Slavery, and as one of the old Tweed gang! It has defamed every Liberal Republican leader and Democratic leader, from Schurz and Sumner to Trumbull, Fenton and Kernan. And now it makes common cause with the very dogs and sewers of the Opposition, such as the New York thieves. On State issues, it would array Protestant against Catholic.

With what in French history shall I compare this organ, which proclaims itself the mere outlet of the putrid atmosphere of our American Versailles?—a Court which, as in the days of Louis XV., stifles everything that is good and noble. This Grant conduit surely has not the force of Cardinal Dubois; clearly it cannot pretend to the virile qualities of the Duke de Richelieu, nor yet to the gaiety of Philip the Gentle. The *Times* is more like the Cardinal de Fleury, who was a sort of valet of Louis's bedchamber, which that menial prelate adorned with embroidered petticoats and sensual love-songs and dubious paintings. If we paint this Cockney as the Cardinal de Fleury of Grant's bedchamber, the canvas must not forget to fix in its parasite mouth, as addressed to King Grant, the infamous petition which Dufresney submitted to Louis XIV., and which ran:

"May it please you, Sire, my privilege to renew, And grant me patent right to cheer and gladden you."

JUNIUS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WAGNER'S operas are flourishing in Southern Italy.

MISS NILSSON will soon leave England for this city.

MRS. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE is given up to melodrama.

BARNUM is coming, with his giraffes, seals, cannibals, etc.

PATTI and MARIO gave a concert in Brooklyn, October 7th.

BROOKLYN is holding an Industrial Exhibition in her Rink.

RUBINSTEIN appears again this week in concert at Steinway Hall.

MR. and MRS. DION BOUCAULT are both very popular at Booth's.

"AGNES," at the Union Square Theatre, is well mounted and acted.

THE Khédive of Egypt has the finest ballet in the world in his theatre.

At Niblo's the work of restoration and preparation is going on rapidly.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg receive the same pay.

FECHTER has introduced many new features on the stage of his new theatre.

FECHTER'S Lyceum Theatre will now be opened, it is asserted, in a few weeks.

THE Fifth Avenue Theatre has one of the best stock companies in the country.

SIR CHARLES YOUNG has written a new play called "Montcalm; or, Willing to Die."

PATTI and MARIO gave a Grand Farewell Concert in Steinway Hall, October 8th.

MISS KELLOGG sang in "La Traviata" enacting the part of *Violetta*, at the Academy, October 4th.

AT Wood's Museum, "Escaped from Sing Sing," with Dominick Murray, is the sensation every night.

A GRAND ball will be given at the Boston Coliseum, for the benefit of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, October 17th.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE and his minstrel entertainments are institutions in the City of Churches.

THE Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, is doing a good variety business. On certain days ladies are admitted free.

ITALIAN OPERA has become an expensive luxury, from \$5 to \$8 being asked for single tickets at the Academy.

FOUR Australian managers and three San Franciscans are after Mr. Barry Sullivan together—for engagements.

"ROI CAROTTE," at the Grand Opera House, is as popular as ever, and bids fair to live to a good old age. *Vive le Roi!*

THERE is a fair prospect of seeing Sothorn in something else than "Our American Cousin" during the coming season.

OPERA-BOUFFÉ, with Mlle. Aimée as chief interpreter, will establish itself at the Olympic Theatre for six weeks from October 14th.

"L'AVENTURIERE," upon which Robertson's comedy of "Home" was founded, has been successfully revived at the Français, Paris.

THE Philharmonic Society of New York will give six concerts and eighteen public rehearsals, at the Academy of Music, this season.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

SEVEN professors of the Cornell University are Greeley and Brown men.

A. T. STEWART is still pressed by the New York *Sun* as a candidate for Mayor.

WILLIAM BUTLER DUNCAN is named by the *Herald* as a suitable candidate for Mayor of New York.

THERE will be a break in Pennsylvania if Buckalew is elected—in the Cameron Hantranft-Grant Ring.

GOVE NOR B. GRATZ BROWN made speeches in Indiana every night during the last week of the State canvass just closed.

SENATOR STOCKTON, of New Jersey, spoke for Greeley and Reconciliation in Brooklyn on the 8th inst., to a crowded audience.

MR. T. OMPSON, one of the ablest clerks in the Custom House, was recently removed because he refused to be assessed for political purposes.

CHARLES D. MURRAY has been nominated for Congress by the Liberal Coalition of Republicans and Democrats of the Thirty-first District of New York.

GENERAL WILLIAM SCHOUTER, of Boston, formerly editor of the Boston *Atlas*, has been nominated for Presidential Elector by the Liberals and Democrats.

HON. WILLIAM W. WARREN, dry-goods merchant of Boston, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Eighth District of Massachusetts.

A BOSTON Grant paper says the enthusiasm for Mr. Greeley "has revived, and is heartier than ever." Greeley's standard, ever advancing, is the synonym of victory.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON's speech at Cincinnati, in support of Mr. Greeley and the Liberal movement, is one of the ablest and most finished productions of the campaign.

ABO T 300 Liberal Republican and Democratic mass-meetings have been organized for this State during the present month, with an average of three good speakers at each gathering.

J. W. CONWAY, of New Orleans, says he made fifty speeches in favor of General Grant's election in 1868, and now he intends to make fifty more against his re-election to expiate that sin.

GENERAL SLOCUM's showing, in his Philadelphia speech, of the robbery of the records of the War Office, traced to Badaud, Grant's pensioned historian, and Consul-General to London, is most startling.

HON. CLARKSON NOTT POTTER, Democratic Representative in Congress of the Tenth District of New York, has been nominated for re-election by the Democrats and Liberals. His last majority was nearly 4,000.

CHARLES H. HORTON has received the Liberal and Democratic nomination for Congress in the Eleventh District of New York, now represented by Charles St. John, Granite, whose majority two years ago was only 500.

ELIHU BURRITT, "the learned blacksmith," linguist and philosopher says, Mr. Greeley's speeches embody, in his view, the very highest of moral ethics in statesmanship, expressed with the clearness of Cobden, that no other American has ever reached.

MR. WILLIAMS, Ex-Commissioner to Santo Domingo, Grant's present United States Attorney-General, who didn't get elected to the United States Senate from Oregon, has been ordered to take the stump in this State for the Dix-Tweed-Murphy-and-Weed ticket.

HON. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, the historian, has been nominated by the Democrats and Liberal Republicans of the Fifth (Bank's) district of Massachusetts for Presidential Elector. Mr. Frothingham is a Democrat, and was formerly associate editor of the Boston *Post*.

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, a veteran Democratic statesman of Massachusetts, has been chosen Presidential Elector by the Democrats and Liberal Republicans of the Worcester district; and George F. Verry, of Worcester, was nominated by the same convention for Congress.

THE Liberal Republicans and Democrats have hung out a Greeley and Brown and N. P. Banks banner at Melrose, Mass., the home of Gooch, the Grant candidate against Banks for Congress, and christened it with music and speeches for Purification and Reconciliation.

MAJOR-GENERAL SLOCUM made an able speech in Philadelphia last week, showing the glaring injustice practiced by Senator Henry Wilson, as Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, upon the great mass of volunteers wounded in the late war. Wilson is a demagogue.

MR. A. T. STEWART, when asked by a reporter the other day whether he looked forward to Mr. Greeley's election as likely to produce uneasiness and financial difficulty in the business world, replied, emphatically: "I do not. I have no fear whatever that the election of Mr. Greeley will produce any financial difficulty."

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL STANBERRY, of Kentucky, has recently been on a visit to this city. He has gone home, and will make his first speech for Mr. Greeley and the Liberal cause. Mr. Stanberry, himself a profound scholar and one of the ablest statesmen of the present time, expressed much surprise and admiration at Mr. Greeley's speeches. Their completeness, finish and variety were to him remarkable.

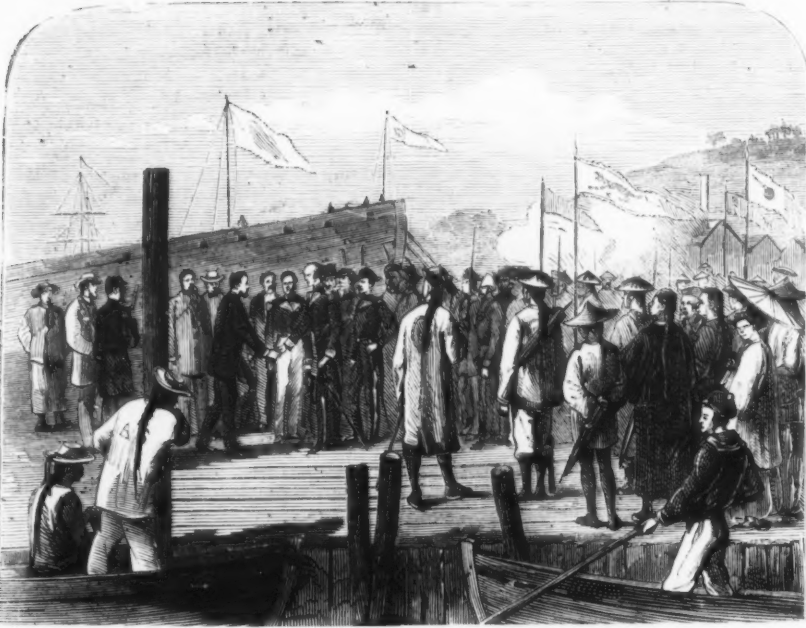
EX-SENATOR HENDERSON, of Missouri, is stumping for Grant. He recently remarked that Grant had appointed some of Mrs. Grant's relatives to office, and added that any President who would not comply with such a request from his wife "deserved a good currying over every night until he did." (Great laughter.) Senator Henderson, just before his term expired, married the handsome Miss Foote, niece of Senator Foote, of Vermont.

GENERAL N. P. BANKS has been nominated for Congress in his old District in Massachusetts by the Liberal Republicans and Democrats. After concurring, the two Conventions assembled for mutual congratulations on their harmony, and gave cheers for Greeley and Banks. The Grant men have nominated one of the "Crédit Mobilier" stock, a man named Gooch, who for several years has been engaged in claim and bounty business in Washington.

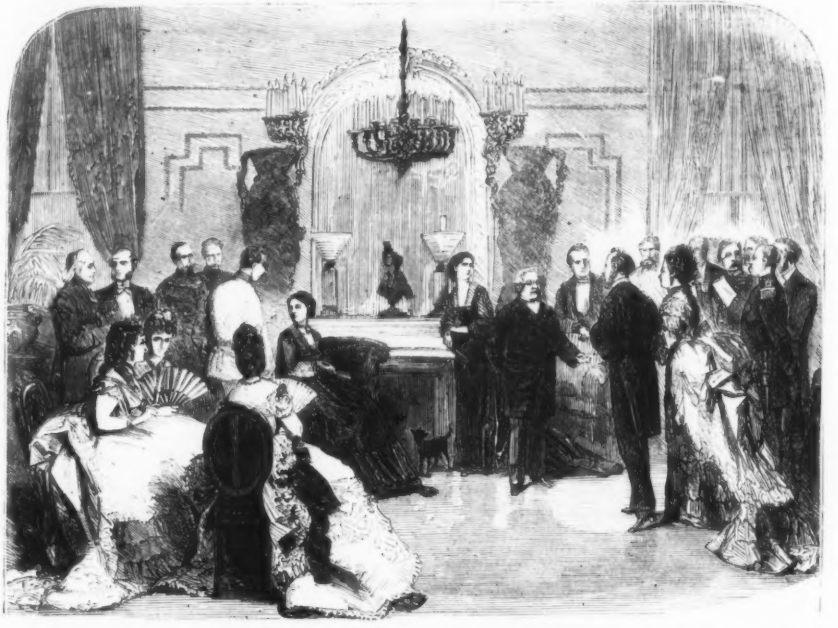
THERE never was more dissatisfaction than exists now with the entire management of the New York Custom House—internally and externally—among the employés, from the highest to the lowest, who have been robbed through political assessments by Arthur, Cornell, Ladin & Co., and by the merchants, shippers, and others, who are daily annoyed, bribed or robbed by the carting, general order and inspecting thieves who represent Grant's Civil Service.

"MEDICINE BEAR," "Bloody Mouth," "Tender Hawk," "Big Head," "Running Ant," "Red Thunder," "Scalp 'Em All," "Jim," "Nasty Cus," and about thirty-two other names, chiefs and braves, all with sw names, who have been engaged for the delightful pastime of scalping women and children, have been on a "heap big Father"—to endorse his p more supplies. They got what they will not scalp anybody until "Scalp 'Em All" says, "Nast!" He paints. Grant has been p vice upon them.

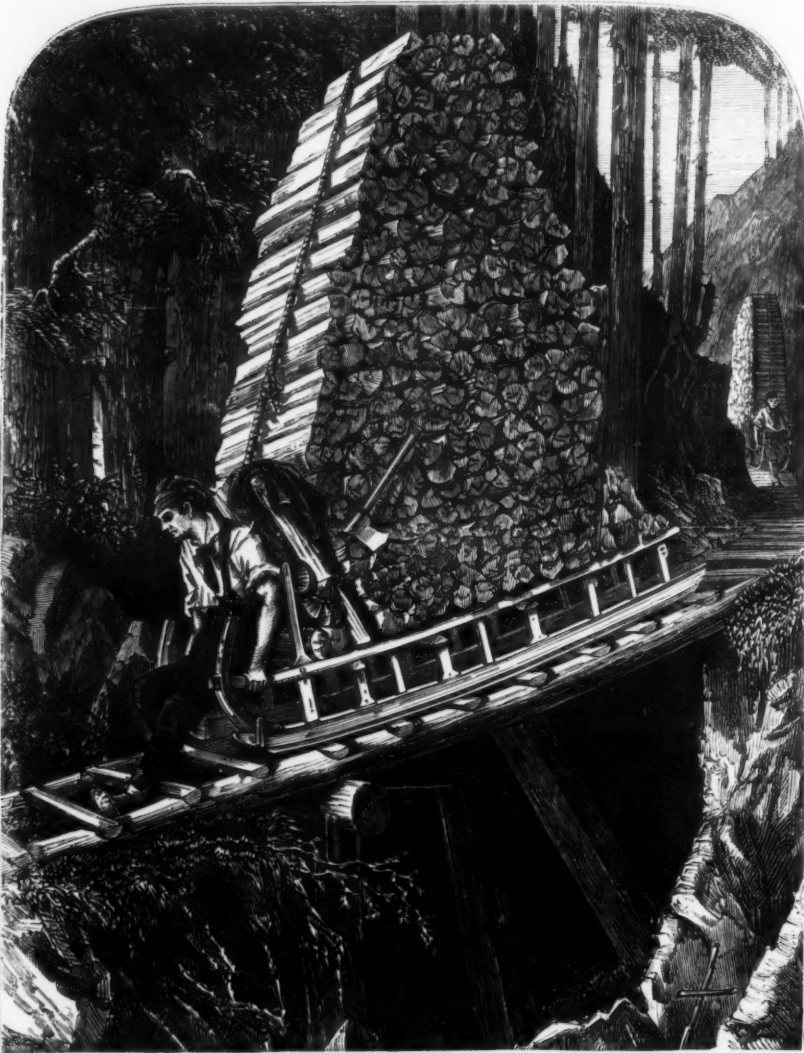
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



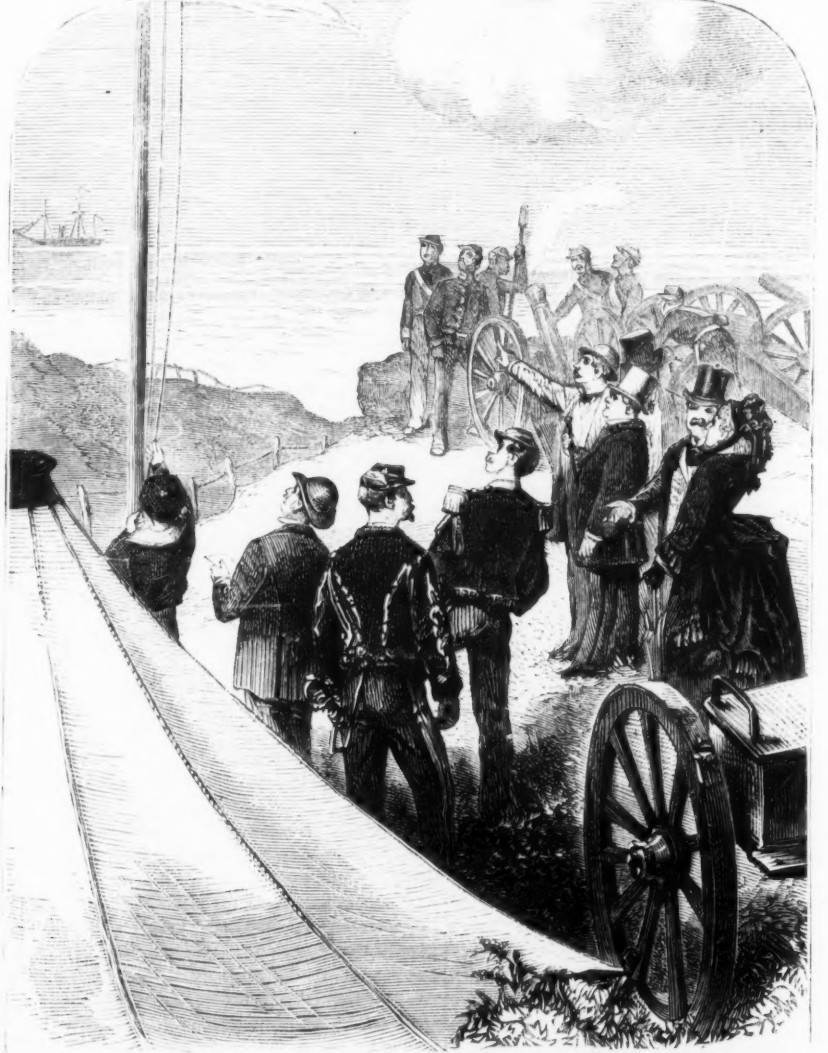
CHINA.—VISIT OF M. DE GEOFROY, FRENCH EMBASSADOR, TO THE CHINESE ARSENAL AT FOO-CHOW.



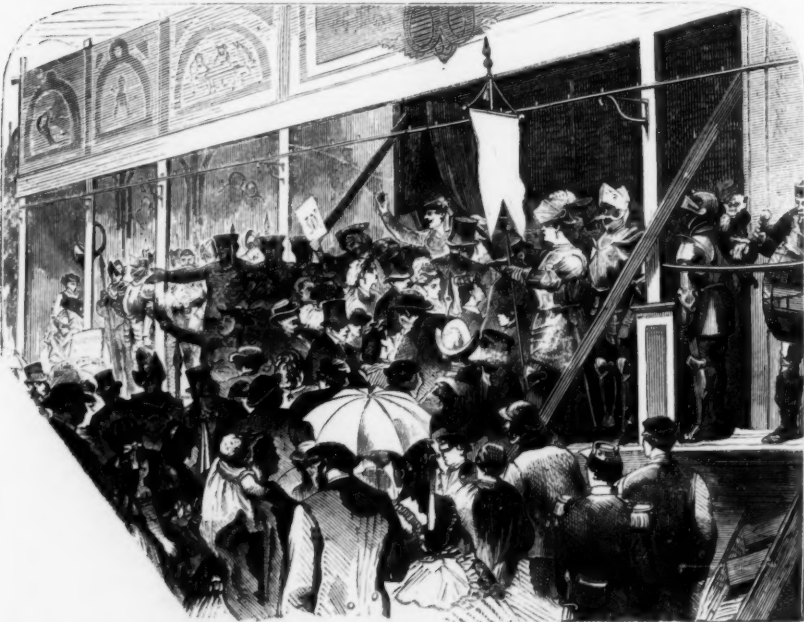
FRANCE.—THE SALON OF THE CHÂLET CORDIER—M. THIERS'S MARINE VILLA AT TROUVILLE.



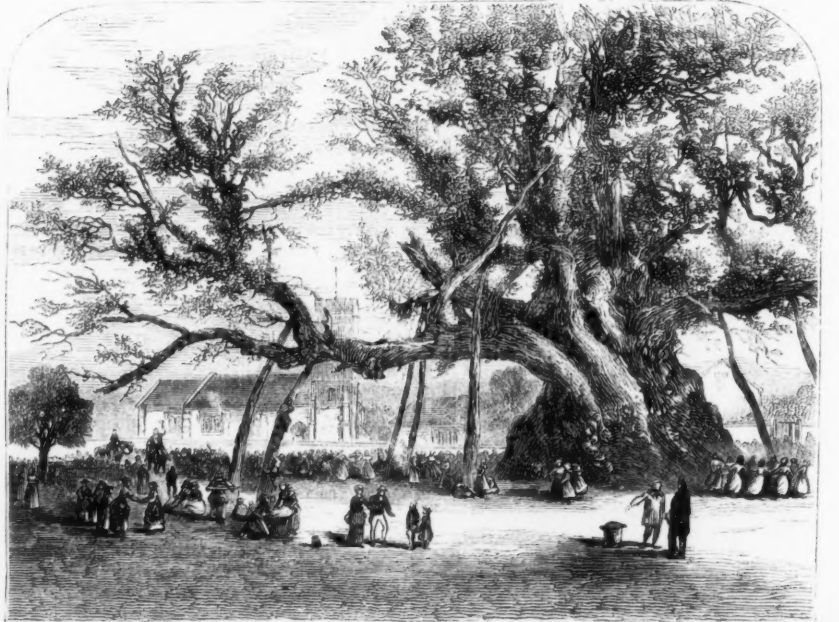
GERMANY.—THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE OF WOOD BY SLEDGE-ROADS IN THE VOSGES.



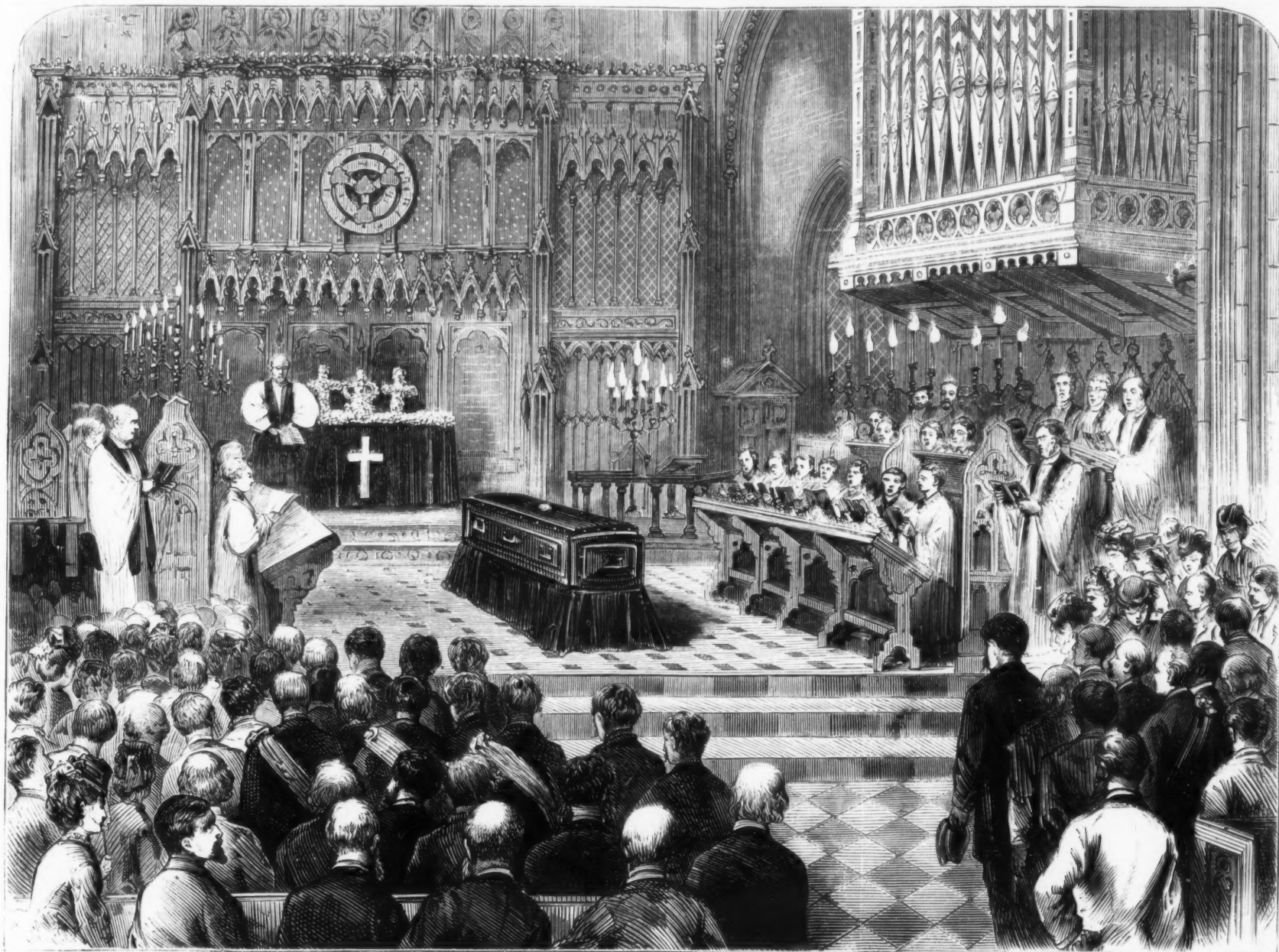
FRANCE.—ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT THIERS AT TROUVILLE.



FRANCE.—THEATRICALS IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS—THE TRAVELLING THEATRE.



ENGLAND.—THE COWTHORPE OAK NEAR WETHERBY—THE OLDEST OAK IN ENGLAND.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE FRANCIS VINTON, D.D., LL.D., IN TRINITY CHURCH, OCTOBER 2d, 1872.—SEE PAGE 91.

HON. F. W. BIRD.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BIRD, now in his sixty-third year, is a native of Dedham, Mass., and is one of the most influential and patriotic of the many renowned citizens of that noble old State. He is a graduate of Brown University, having entered its precincts during the first year of the Presidency of Dr. Francis Wayland.

A very enterprising and far-seeing business man, Mr. Bird has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, both in his business and domestic relations, which have, however, not broken his masculine spirit, but rather have tended to liberalize and broaden his whole nature.

Of the most sterling integrity, and possessing the most electric sympathy for the right, Mr. Bird has been one of the standard-bearers of the Liberal host who have borne the flag of freedom at the front until it has become the herald of universal emancipation and the sundering of all shackles in his native land. Having achieved a moderate fortune, as a manufacturer of paper, Mr. Bird still continues his attention to this business, as a necessary means of maintaining an income sufficient to support his family and to meet the many calls upon his time and purse. He has for the past thirty years devoted considerable attention to public affairs, and has been the associate and adviser of many of the leading men of his State and the nation, who have found in him a safe guide, a wise and judicious counselor, and an unwavering friend.

In 1832 he united with the Orthodox Congregational Church of Dedham, where he then resided; the result of which, as he is in the habit of saying, led him for fourteen years to consider the chief end of man to be "to get his miserable soul saved." Subsequently, maturer reflection, or the inspiration of the Anti-slavery cause, led him to adopt more liberal theological views.

As the result of the annexation of Texas, in 1845, a change came over the minds of many men in Massachusetts as to their political duties toward the Slavery question. A section of the Whig Party of the State, comprising some of the most earnest in spirit and brilliant in intellect in its ranks, resolved to make the Anti-Slavery issue paramount in their political action in the future.

Among the foremost of these men was Charles Sumner. Mr. Bird, who



HON. FRANCIS W. BIRD, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

had always been a Whig, attended a Convention of his party in Faneuil Hall in 1846, and heard Mr. Sumner make one of the great Anti-Slavery speeches of his early life. Mr. Sumner's words made a deep impression on him. He came out of the Hall fully converted, and from that day to this Charles Sumner has had no more loyal or more trusted friend in Massachusetts. In the same year he was elected to the Legislature by the Whigs of Walpole. The Free Soil Party was formed in the year succeeding, Mr. Bird entering ardently into the new movement. He was a delegate to the Buffalo Convention, which put the first Free Soil National ticket in the field, and from that time down to the absorption of the Free Soil, in the Republican Party, he was one of its most prominent leaders. This Party made him a member of Governor Boutwell's Council in 1852, and sent him to the Constitutional Convention to remodel the State Constitution in 1853.

Mr. Bird was one of the first to move in measures for the establishment of the Republican Party. There was opposition to this, not only on the part of the Anti-Nebraska Whigs, but in a considerable section of the Free Soil leaders. Henry Wilson, Anson Burlingame, and others of less note, were allured, by the prospect of office, into the ranks of the Know-Nothing Party, then just being formed in the State. Mr. Wilson went so far as to forsake the party from which he had accepted a nomination for Governor, to enter the secret lodges of Know-Nothingism, and to take the oaths of the Order, with the prize of the United States Senatorship before his eyes as an inducement. Mr. Bird sternly protested against this course, and remained with Mr. Sumner, Mr. Adams, John A. Andrew, Judge Allen, and others. Know-Nothingism tempted for the hour, and Henry Wilson received his reward. But, after this delusion had passed away, those who had bartered reputation to gain favor by it were anxious to have this part of their record forgotten. Mr. Bird's action, recently witnessed in holding Mr. Wilson relentlessly to his share in Know-Nothingism, is characteristic of the rigid sense of justice and scorn of hypocrisy that he has always exhibited.

Between Mr. Bird and Mr. John A. Andrew there had long been the closest friendship. Mr. Bird knew the warmth of heart of Mr. Andrew,

his generosity and chivalry of nature, and had conceived an exalted idea of his intellectual capacity, and was active in securing his nomination for Governor.

From the time of Governor Andrew's election Mr. Bird became his most confidential adviser, and since that period he has been, without question, the most influential man in the Republican Party of the State. He was a member of Governor Andrew's Council in 1863, 1864 and 1865; a member of the House of Representatives in 1867 and 1869, and of the Senate in 1871.

During all this time, apart from his connection with national politics, the mind of Mr. Bird was most active in the discussion of the question of state policy. He issued a series of pamphlets upon the subject of the Hoosac Tunnel, the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, the Cattle Disease, and other topics, which evinced remarkable research, thoughtfulness and power of argument, and produced a strong impression upon the public mind.

He was also the founder of the celebrated "Bird Club" of Boston, which has so long been the focus of political thought and action in New England.

Mr. Bird is—since the declination by Mr. Sumner of the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, tendered him by the Liberal Republican and Democratic Conventions—the most prominent candidate for the position of Governor of that Commonwealth. No more honorable or trusted man has ever filled this responsible position in the Old Bay State.

THE LADY AND THE SERF.

POSSIBLY no portion of the Rhine is more lovely than the Lurelei-berg, or Rock of the Lorelei. The hills bounding this portion of the stream are no longer the pudding-looking and pudding-shaped haycocks, seamed with the regulation vine terraces which so generally disfigure them. Rough and jagged masses of rock jut out into the stream, which foams and chafes around them as if it were angered by their obtrusion in its course, and longed to sweep them away.

There is also a pleasant and fantastical legend narrated of this spot, which bears a traditional value for the searchers after tradition. I say pleasant, in relation to the interest of the tale, rather than the fate of the supposed victims, who, by all accounts, must have been almost numberless in those darker ages, when knighthood crowded on the castled peaks in its neighborhood, and revelled in romance and robbery.

It is now some thirty or thirty-one years since that I was traveling up the Rhine, with the view of spending my Winter, after my Summer's ramble in Central Germany, at Vienna.

Austria was at this time considered the leading German power.

A lord or two were on the steamer, with some half-dozen or more Cockney tourists from London, a few students from German universities, a newly-married French lady, and a Russian countess, who, with her husband, the aged Governor of Novgorod, had been absent from Russia for six months or more, on leave of absence from the Czar, for the purpose of re-establishing his health, which was—so it seemed to me—broken down by the age he had reached.

He was, in honest truth, considerably on the shady side of seventy.

His lady was much younger than himself. She seemed scarcely more than twenty-eight—had fair hair and blue eyes, and in her relation with the general—of course, he was a general as well as a governor—seemed rather his daughter than his wife.

Her demeanor and manners had very much impressed me.

She was the first Russian lady I had ever conversed with, and her genial good humor and style were so very French—nay! so thoroughly Parisian—that I had already registered the fairer sex in St. Petersburg as amply entitled to a visit from me, on the score of study.

I was then little more than twenty-one, and it seems to me, even at my present age, a young man's opinions touching the fairer portion of creation are always deserving of record. If not so, my readers will oblige me by doing what I believe is a common case in general reading—passing them without ceremony.

On the afternoon of the day on which the steamer we were embarked upon was approaching the Lurelei-berg, the heavens were darkened by the approach of a heavy storm.

The muddy waves of the river—for the Rhine is by no means one of the most crystal of streams—chafed the sides of the vessel, and the wind screamed and whistled and roared, by fits, along the turbid channel, auguring that we were about to have one of those tempests which, in the heat of Summer, so often darken over the lovely river.

The blue-eyed and fair-haired Russian had been sitting for a great part of the morning upon deck, permitting me to amuse her, when her husband sent his servant to her to say he thought she would be consulting her convenience as well as her comfort by joining him in the cabin, where he generally remained during the forenoon, as the storm would not long delay visiting us.

"I must see the Lurelei-berg," was her answer. "Will you tell him so?"

"But, madame will be wet through."

"What on earth does that matter to him or you?" she replied, stamping her pretty little foot with impatience.

"Had not madame, if she chooses to remain on deck, better enter the carriage?"

A pettish answer was springing to her lips—nay! it was on the tip of her tongue, but she suddenly looked at me, and said, mockingly:

"Perhaps monsieur does not like the wet."

"Pardon me, but I have been so used to it

lately in England, Madame La Comtesse, that I scarcely ever notice it."

She apparently saw the mockery in my eye as it turned toward the large and scattering drops upon the deck, for she arose, and saying, "Well, I will get into the carriage," took my arm, and requested me to assist her into it.

It was placed on the fore part of the deck, and I accompanied her there.

After entering it, she turned, and inquired if I would not also take advantage of its shelter during the coming storm. I did not for an instant hesitate in complying with this offer she had made me.

Nor was it one whit too soon.

Scarcely was I ensconced in the carriage, on the seat opposite that on which she was reclining, than the deck was deluged with rain, while the thunder was pealing over our heads and reverberating from hill to hill, on either side of the river, with a grand and savage continuity of sound, that was certainly enough to have terrified a lady of tolerably weak nerves.

However, at the time of which I am speaking, all were swept from the deck, save the captain and the man at the wheel, who were obliged to face it, together with one unlucky deck-passenger, who ensconced himself under the carriage, in which I and its fair mistress had already taken refuge.

For a few moments we were both of us silent, and wrapped in the contemplation of the scene, until, at last, with a terrifically loud clap of thunder, which followed one of the most vivid flashes of lightning that ever, for the moment, blinded my eyes, "the heart of the tempest burst," and its momentary strength was over. The rain, of course, still fell, but scarcely in such a continuous torrent—the peals of thunder rang along the hills at more distant intervals, and the waters of the river, though still convulsed with the rushing wind, were less violently disturbed.

"Was it not grand?" murmured the lady, as she still continued gazing on the rolling clouds as they drifted swiftly along the heavens.

Instead of answering, I looked my assent, as we, both of us, watched the dispersion of the sudden storm.

Suddenly, a rich gleam of golden sunlight poured through a rent in the jagged clouds, and flashed on the brow of a quaintly bold and massive rock on the right side of the stream. As she saw it, the countess exclaimed:

"That must be the Lurelei-berg."

"It is so," was my reply.

I had registered the rock in my memory as a former acquaintance.

"Does not the wild and broken character of its craggy front look as if it had been shapen out by Nature as the background of a romance?"

"That it certainly is supposed to have been—Madame La Comtesse! or, rather, of a fairy tale, if, indeed, tradition warrants us in calling the Lorelei a fairy."

"Eh! Mon Dieu! But I was not thinking

about the Lorelei, or any of those antiquated

tales which stud the shores of this lovely

river more frequently and thickly than does its

ruined castles."

"No!"

"Certainly not—monsieur!"

"Of what, then, might I presume to inquire,

was it that madame has been thinking?"

"Of a little tale, which, very certainly, you

could take not the slightest interest in."

"May I ask—why?"

"Oh! Its subject is much too modern to

afford the slightest delight to a student of history.

I, who am an admirer of De Balzac, and

a perfect adorer of 'Boz,' may possibly be

commonplace enough to take some pleasure in

recalling it."

Let me own, I was so much amused by the

singular manner in which she had coupled the

names of those two authors together, that I

scarcely noticed the much greater oddity of

'Boz,' then a comparatively young author,

forming one of the chosen studies of a Russian

lady, and it was only upon the following day

that I heard from her, among the nine hundred

and ninety-nine languages, more or less,

into which the "Pickwick Papers" had been

translated, the Muscovite tongue held a very

prominent place. What they could manage to

do in Slavonic with the piquantly Cockney

slang of Sam Weller was, of necessity, a marvel

to me. However, even at this early date, it

had certainly been rendered into Russian.

"Let me assure you—madame," I rejoined,

"I am by no means such a ferocious student of

history, and as I have managed somehow or

other to relish De Balzac as well as to laugh

considerably over Dickens, you will, perhaps,

allow me to smile with you at your tale."

"But it is by no means a laughable one."

"How?"

"On the contrary, it is serious and—yes, it

is laughingly romantic."

"Then, might I ask how you come to cite

the name of the English author, apropos of it?"

"He was simply a modern writer, and as my

tale—so you have chosen to call it—is a

purely modern one, I caught at his name for

the purpose of proving to you it could in no

way suit your taste."

"And pray—Madame La Comtesse, how came

you to form such an opinion?"

"Because I saw you, a day or two since, lost

in the study of 'Cinq-Mars.'"

When she said this, I could not help smiling.

Indeed, I should have laughed outright, but

that there is a spell about a pretty woman

which prevents anything like open ridicule of

her little *niaiserie*. To be branded as a student

of history, because, for the third or fourth time,

I had been reading one of the best French

romances ever written, was too bad, and I

could not help telling her so. This was, how-

ever, totally useless. I might as well have at-

tempted to reason with a whirlwind, or talk

sense with the thunder-storm which had just

swept over us.

She was determined that I should be a stu-

dent of history.

So, for the nonce, I was one, and it was settled by her, *enfinne contradictoire*, for my tongue was silenced, that Alfred de Vigny's admirable novel was history of the very bluest kind.

She cited the engraving from the French painting of Cinq-Mars and his accomplices, in the boat behind the barge of the great Cardinal.

"Was not Delaroche a painter of history?"

Yes! I was obliged to admit it. My admission was, however, qualified with a very broad hint that the fair Russian, with her twinkling blue eyes, was, evidently, a much more profound historian than I myself was.

This quasi compliment somewhat mollified her earnestness.

She received it as if it had been seriously intended, and by dint of entreaty, I at length succeeded in inducing her to narrate me the story to which she had previously alluded.

We had by this time arrived in front of the Lurelei-berg. Its gray mass of torn and shattered rock frowned gloomily across the still chafing stream, as I bent forward and listened to her tale.

As it is quite good enough to bear repetition, I shall not feel the slightest compunction in repeating it, although I confess myself unable to impart to my readers that sauce to the dish which was supplied by her *espiègle* manner, her beamingly bright eyes, her fascinating smile, very rosy lips, white if somewhat large teeth, together with a voice every accent of which was music.

"Let me see," said she; "I was then scarcely two years old, and I am now only twenty-five." Her age was mulcted of at least three of the years I had accorded it. "Consequently, it must have been some three and twenty years since, that my father possessed a young serf. His name was Ivanowitch. Of course, I cannot remember how he looked, but my elder sister says he was singularly handsome. No young Bayard in all Lithuania—the estates of my father are in that province—could, possibly, have been better-looking. Straight and upright as a sapling-pine, with a broad forehead and a clear and brilliant eye, there was enough promise in the boy, had he not wanted both birth and fortune, to have created a future sensation in any court. Was it not a pity he should have been born a serf? Eh! monsieur—I see you are smiling. You think, had he been as much of a Tartar in his personal appearance as some of our nobility are, I might not have said this. Perhaps you are right. There is a curious feeling in the better born which we cannot rid ourselves of, and I am far from being sure this feeling is not justifiable. Nevertheless, you must not imagine the beauty of Ivanowitch was his only charm. Oh! dear—no! monsieur. The boy was a genius. Unlike most of my countrymen at that period, my father had a profound love for the Fine Arts. By permission of the Czar, he had resided for many years in Italy, and had brought with him from that country several very fine paintings and a few choice sculptures. The mother of Ivanowitch had from her youth been employed in the internal service of our household. Ivan, his father, had been for some time dead. He had been employed on the estate as a sort of gamekeeper—a Russian gamekeeper, who would have done duty as plowman, chasseur or watch-dog, if the convenience of his owner required it. The boy necessarily resided with his mother in the house. He received, with my elder brothers and sisters, the elements of education, and, as he showed something which was more than talent, although my father did not then suspect its amount, had been permitted with them to acquire the French language. In consequence of this, he was regarded by his mother's companions, and such of the serfs on the estate as knew him, as a youthful prodigy. Necessarily, my father had no idea of permitting him to look higher than our household for the future. He had, nevertheless, noticed that the child—for he was no more—would spend hours in looking at the statues and busts which he had brought with him from Italy, and more especially a very fine but mutilated *torso*, which he had purchased when at Naples. It had been sold him as the *torso* of a Bacchante. Once or twice, when addressed by him, the boy had replied with observations upon its beauty which would have astonished my father had he not entertained a profound contempt for the general run of juvenile prodigies, of whose ill-success in life he had seen so many examples."

"Not, surely—in Russia?"

"Eh! no!" she replied, without noticing the

sarcastic inquiry in my tone; "in the rest of Europe. However, what was my paternal

proprietor's surprise, one morning, when he had risen somewhat earlier than usual, and was

wandering through the out-houses behind his mansion, to come upon a shed where some

dozen of his serfs were gathered around an

object they were contemplating with a rude ad-

miration. He immediately advanced toward

the group. As his step was heard, those who

formed it gazed round and fell back. His eyes

fell upon the child Ivanowitch, who was exhib-

iting to them a model in clay. There was an

exact copy of the Bacchante. It was trans-

lated, as an untaught Russian seems compelled

to translate everything. Not a crack or blem-

ish in the original but was reproduced in the

clay. The fragment of neck and chin were

copied with a singular and scrupulous exacti-

tude. A crack which ran across and disfigured

the lower portion of the left side was given

with a painful minuteness. But with an equal

faith and precision were the flowing outlines

and won'tous freshness of the Grecian chisel

preserved in the copy.

"Who has done this?" inquired my father,

as his glance fell on the model, in amazement.

"No one answered."

"Have you all become dumb, my children?"

he again asked, and waited for a reply.

"It was the boy—master," said one of the

serfs, as he extended his hand toward Ivanow-

itch.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my father. "This

child? Then laying his hand thoughtfully upon the boy's head, he said to him: 'Ivanowitch, you have never yet told me a lie. Have you done this?'

"The child trembled. For, kind as my father was generally to his serfs, the knout and the scourge were by no means entirely traditional upon his estates, and his temper was not invariably inclined to show mercy to those who, he thought, needed correction. Ivanowitch had never yet been exposed to punishment—corporal punishment, I mean—and he seemed to half dread the chance of receiving it, as he gazed wistfully into the face of my father, who again repeated the question:

"Speak up, and speak honestly—my child! Is it you who have done this?"

"Yes!—master."

"My father took the child by the hand and led him away toward the house. He questioned him closely—found the boy's mind was irresistibly set upon becoming a sculptor, and when he dismissed him with a handful of small copper coin, told his body-servant to fetch the clay model and carry it carefully to his own study. When he had determined what to do, he again sent for Ivanowitch and all the members of his family, about midday.

"Come here—Ivanowitch," he said, and the boy approached him. 'I have been a good

master to you. Have I not?'

"What could the poor child say but—'Yes!'

"Well! Listen to me. I do not choose you

to amuse yourself in this way any more."

"Then he drew the cloth, with which he had

covered the model, from the wrought clay. It

was standing upon the central table in the

room.

"And did Ivanowitch do this?" asked my

mother. 'It is beautifully copied.'

"All in the study had recognized its marvel-

ous fidelity. The boy stole up to her and

kissed her hand, but without replying to her,

my father continued speaking:

"Ivanowitch, you are my serf. A sculptor

would be useless to me. You are nine years of

age, and able to work. You shall labor in my

fields. Fedolorowitch will come for you to-

morrow morning. You are a boy now, but, by

proper training, will grow into a good laborer."

"How very cruel!" cried out a little cousin

of our family—somewhat younger than Ivanow-

itch, who was on a visit to my sister."

I must admit that I agreed with the little

cousin, and said so; but, without replying to my

observation, the countess unperturbably con-

tinued:

"Be silent—Gregoriska Orloff!" uttered my

father, in a cold, hard voice, as, taking up an

ebony ruler, he crushed the moist clay of the

model together and then tossed it out of the

open window. 'Now, Ivanowitch, you may go.'

"The boy neither cried nor wept. My mo-

ther has since told me that she never saw so

much self-command exhibited by a mere child.

She remained with my father after the rest of

us were gone. Ivanowitch had always been a

favorite of hers, and she wished to lead her

husband to alter his determination. It was in

vain. At last, she told my sisters when she

again saw them, that her lord and master had

convinced her he was right, and that the boy

ought to be placed in the charge of Fedolorow-

itch. So, upon the following morning, Ivanow-

itch left our dwelling."

I confess it struck me, at this moment, that

the highly reputable sire of the countess was a

brute—something immeasurably worse than

one of the regulation Cossacks which turn up

occasionally upon the stage, and I was upon

filled all the tasks given him, but had stolen his hours to practice his chosen calling in from those which were allotted him for rest. No! she even showed them the models of sheep and horses, Fedorowitch, with his black beard—this was colored—and a model of my father himself, from memory. She has it now. It is uncommonly like, but very grim."

"I scarcely wonder at that," I muttered, almost involuntarily.

"Nor do I," she replied, with a chiming laugh. "However, all was henceforward to be sunshine for him. He was to go to Paris, to study under Pradier—you, of course, know him by his work—and become a great sculptor. Accordingly, to Paris my father took him, and in spite of his youth—he was barely ten years old, remember—Pradier, after seeing one of his models—it was made under Pradier's own eyes in two hours and a half—consented to receive him. My sire had registered his freedom before taking him to Paris, provided amply for his necessities, and left him there."

"He acted like a prince!" I exclaimed.

"How should my father act otherwise?" she exclaimed, with a look of dauntless pride in him, which was very becoming.

"The story—madame! has not come to an end," I said, as she paused.

"Mon Dieu! No! It is not half finished yet. I must now pass over some eleven or twelve years, in which the boy had ripened into a man, and also had ripened into a promising sculptor. He had passed eight years in the atelier of Pradier. The last three or four were spent in Rome. In fact, he was more than a promising sculptor. He was already an artist—monsieur! of standing and reputation, and prodigious things were argued of his future. As for my father, he had only seen him once during the time, and that in Paris. Ivanowitch, however, corresponded with him regularly, and after he had seen him on his visit to Paris, had executed a model bust of him, by no means so grim as his earlier model. Indeed, it is a wonderful likeness of the dear old man. But, I must confine myself to facts, or I shall never finish. In the Spring of the year to which I have taken the liberty of carrying you, he was in Vienna. My father had been very urgent with him to return to St. Petersburg, and he was now on his way there. The young sculptor, who by virtue of his talent, which had now become extensively known, was received into the best society in Rome, had brought with him a letter of introduction to Prince Metternich, from one of the Roman Cardinals. This letter procured him an invitation to one of the weekly *soirées* of the Princess, given during the season. On the evening he was present his attention was riveted by one of the most exquisite visions of female loveliness his artistic spirit had ever conceived. He was at once enthralled by the surpassing beauty, but even more, by a strange conviction which fell upon him, that he had elsewhere looked upon the bright and most peerless form. Where it was, it seemed in vain for him to attempt recalling; but as he gazed upon her he felt more assured he had previously seen her, and that she was riveted to his memory by one of those singularly indissoluble of slight ties we can rarely rid ourselves of. But—what was it? It was in vain, he recalled every lady he had met with in the studio of Pradier, or had received in his own atelier at Rome. He was unable to place the countenance, which was still shining before him with its wondrous loveliness. At length he turned to one of the younger Czartowskys, to whom he had been earlier in the evening introduced—the young Pole chanced to be standing near him—and asked whether he would have the kindness to inform him who this singularly beautiful creature was.

"Yes!" replied Czartowsky; "she is indeed lovely. But I am surprised you do not know her."

"Why?" inquired Ivanowitch.

"Because she is your countrywoman."

"At this instant it rushed upon his mind where he had last seen her face. He knew that it was the face of the Gregoriska who had taken his part, when my father—as it then appeared—had dealt so harshly with him. The fair child had blossomed to her beautiful and full-grown bloom. At that time her exquisite form and color had merely been in the bud. Gregoriska had indeed been for more than four months, during which period she had been residing with her parents, in Vienna, one of the acknowledged belles—if not the leading one—of the Austrian capital. Of course an introduction was readily enough procured. Her father—my uncle—a general who had won his rank, at least as much by service as family considerations, knew his history, and received him with frank geniality. Where there is talent, we, semi-barbarians as we are—when she said this, her mouth and chin dimpled with a mocking smile—"recognize its equality with rank more readily than you civilized men of the world do. As for Gregoriska, she recognized him at once, when he was presented to her. Perhaps, she had recognized him before, for she blushed when he first spoke to her. Probably, Ivanowitch knew not the folly of which he had been guilty in welcoming her back to his heart. At all events, several weeks afterward he wrote to my father—whom he had long regarded not merely as a patron, but as the father of his genius—from Ehrenbreitstein, whither he had accompanied the family of Gregoriska. I have seen this letter—monsieur, and it is the letter of a nobleman by nature. In it, he announced his intention of immediately returning to St. Petersburg. He bitterly reproached himself for his folly in having consented to make the excursion with the family of the general—told my father that Gregoriska was about to be married, and married well, to a wealthy Hungarian nobleman, who was to meet them on that day week, and had proposed to her parent, for her, during their residence in Vienna."

"The boy has fancied himself in love with

her," said my father, as he showed my mother and sister the letter.

"Poor lad!" exclaimed my tender-hearted mother.

"He must be mad!" cried my sister.

"Why so, Nathalie?" demanded my father, knitting his brows.

"Is he not the son of a serf?" asked my sister.

"Girl," said my father, sternly—"Ivanowitch has genius. You would be honored, as Gregoriska is, by his even thinking, in love, of either of you."

"When we next heard of poor Ivanowitch, he was drowned in front of the Lurlei-berg!"

"Drowned—madame!"

"Yes! *Povero giovine!* With Gregoriska and one of her brothers—the eldest. He was, however, younger than she was."

I must say that the style in which this was uttered both shocked and disgusted me.

"They had embarked on an afternoon's excursion up the river from Hammerstein, or some other euphonious 'stein'—I am sure I forget the name—where their party had been staying—Good heavens! the countess was actually attempting to jest while talking of it—and a sudden storm came up. It was such a sharp squall as that which has just broken over us. Their boat was one of the flat-bottomed shells which are used on the Rhine. By some mismanagement on the part of the boatmen, it was run into the current which eddies round the outer rock—that one. You can see it now, plainly enough."

She leaned from the window of the carriage, in spite of the drops of water which were still falling from its roof, and pointed toward it.

"I see it—madame!"

"It struck on the rock, and capsized instantly. There were two boatmen in it, with Gregoriska and her brother—a boy of ten years of age—no more."

"And Ivanowitch?"

"Of course—monsieur!"

"And they were all drowned?"

"One of the boatmen was picked up, some twenty miles down the stream, on the following morning. They said his skull was completely smashed in—not a feature could be recognized. He had been an old soldier, and had a medal, or something of that sort, by which he was recognized."

"And the rest were drowned?"

"So, at any rate, the journals said."

As I looked at her blue eyes, there was such an evident laugh in them, I could not help doubting the fact. Besides, she had merely stated—"so the journals said." I concluded that Madame La Comtesse was not so hard-hearted as I had, a moment since, fancied, and asked her whether there was no more of the story to follow.

"What more would you have?"

"Simply—madame, I cannot believe you have so stony a heart as to permit yourself to laugh."

"Now, I am sure—monsieur! I have not laughed."

"At all events, you have smiled—madame!"

"And what if I did smile?"

"You," I said, gazing into her eyes, with a spice of tenderness in my own, which was not altogether warranted by the curious intimacy which had, in a few days, so drolly sprung up between us. "could never have smiled at such a termination to the tale you have just told me. Besides, the *belle* Gregoriska was your cousin."

"She very certainly was so."

"Therefore, I feel convinced that the end of the *historiette* is yet—"

"*Historiette!* monsieur?"

"I cannot believe it a tragedy."

"Well! as I see you are determined not to let it end in a sound and orthodox manner, *après la mode de Cinq-Mars*, I may as well confess to you that my cousin, Gregoriska, is now married, and living at Paris. Indeed, I have seen her there within the last month."

"I was certain of it—with Ivanowitch!"

"With Monsieur Jean Metzger—the great sculptor."

"A Russian—Jean, Ivan, Ivanowitch! What an idiot I have been! Why, I know him and Grego—No! I thought her name was Gludetta."

"Why do you think so?"

"I am sure I can't tell—madame. But her black eyes and hair, and whole style of beauty are—"

"So very Italian?"

"Well—yes!" I said, hesitatingly.

Clapping her little hands together, the blue-eyed countess gave utterance to a ringing laugh.

"What would Gregoriska say?"

"Jean Metzger would, I am sure, justify me in my opinion. But now—madame," I continued, after a short pause, "pray, proceed."

"You see—Ivanowitch was a powerful swimmer, and managed, after some terrible exertion, to get out of the current which swept round the rock. Luckily, the boat had struck against the lower end, and diverged from it toward the centre of the stream. As he found himself floating in comparative security, he recalled his senses, and realized that he had possibly lost all which made life precious—at the moment, I mean—to him. Afterward," she said, with a mischievous shrug of her shoulders, "Art might have replaced Love. He hesitated whether it would not be as well for him to drown also. Scarcely had the thought crossed his mind, than he saw a portion of a white dress drawn by the waves from beneath the boat. He at once deemed Gregoriska must be in it. How, he could not imagine, as the boat was floating down the river, bottom uppermost. A score or two of vigorous strokes brought him beside it, and by powerful exertions—'despair,' he said, 'gave him strength—he succeeded in righting it. When the boat had struck the rock, the fore part had been stove in, and the mast had fallen right across my cousin. It had, fortunately, in falling, entangled itself with the carriage which forms the backs of the seats for passengers, and, consequently, Gregoriska was saved. By dint of great efforts, he got the craft, broken as it was, to the bank of the river. He then got on the shore, took Gregoriska from the boat, and bore her to the only cottage within sight. The old German *Frau*, whom he found, alone, within it, asserted she was dead. Ivanowitch was positive, with better reason, as it proved, that she was not. Friction, some *brandy*, and a good deal of love—I suppose the last only—revived her. The old woman put her to bed, and insisted upon her remaining there for some hours. When she again rose—save for the bruises which the fall of the mast had left on her right arm and side—she had entirely recovered from the effect of her immersion. Dressed in the Sunday garments of her temporary hostess's eldest daughter, in spite of the tears she shed for the supposed loss of her brother, she appeared to Ivanowitch more lovely than ever. Somehow, I suppose, the red petticoat, blue stockings and wooden shoes, with the moisture in her black eyes, gave Ivanowitch a courage he never had before, and might, otherwise, never have had. With a dash that might have fitted a lover of the olden times, he plunged into what he had previously shrunken from. He emptied his heart. He told her he had always remembered her, and had loved her from the day he had again seen her in Vienna. Poor fellow! It was only six weeks before. Now, you see, Gregoriska had just been saved from drowning—her brother, as they believed, had been quite drowned, and she—"

"Then, her brother was saved, too?"

"Will monsieur allow me to proceed? And she thought, it may very well be imagined, that she would like to be preserved from all chance of drowning in the future. So, first, they prayed for the boy's soul in company, and then they agreed to run away together. Luckily, Ivanowitch had his pocket-book with him, and it happened to be well-stocked—as he himself told me—with the larger portion of the payment for three busts he had received, before quitting Rome, from a wealthy Englishman. The notes had been well soaked with water—but an artist is never at a loss. He dried and separated them carefully, and early upon the following day they were upon the road to Paris."

"But—madame! what did they do for passports?"

"Oh!—Matter-of-fact Englishman or American! What a question! Do you not know that money will pass a man or a woman almost anywhere, provided the police are not actually at their heels?"

At this time, I did not know it, but may affirm, from subsequent actual experience, the countess was quite right.

"When they arrived in Paris, they had some difficulty in finding a priest of the Greek Church. They were neither of them Roman Catholics, and for very obvious reasons, dared not apply at the Russian Embassy. But find one they did, and were married. Three weeks after this, the parent of Gregoriska received a letter at Vienna, to which city he had returned. It was from his daughter, and had followed him, through Prussia, back to Austria. At first, he was irrepressibly delighted to find she was living. Then he was furiously indignant to find she married any one but the husband he had selected for her. Finally, he determined upon forgiving her. This, the more, as he had recovered his boy, who had been picked up by the men upon a raft which was descending the Rhine, and resuscitated by *her*, without love. Necessarily, therefore, had some one to leave every koepke of *her* alone to, and none of it need go to the daughter who was married to a man who had been a serf, and was only a sculptor."

I was about to put a tolerably impudent question to her, which had been revolving in my mind ever since she had mentioned her father's reproof to her sister's pride. But, to tell the truth, I scarcely knew how to shape it; and just at that instant, her aged spouse approached the carriage, leaning on the arm of his French *valet*.

As I looked out from the carriage, I saw that the clouds had driven entirely past.

The Lurlei-berg was already far behind us, and the lovely banks of the Rhine were bathed in the now fresh but gorgeous sunshine of a Summer noon.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Salon of President Thiers's Summer Residence at Trouville.

Our illustration represents a Presidential reception in the Châlet Cordier, which has been previously described in our columns, and which during the past Summer has been the residence of M. Thiers. It is located at Trouville, one of the most fashionable and popular watering-places of France.

Woodsplitters' Road in the Vosges, Alsace-Lorraine.

The woodsplitters of the Vosges are a race distinct in themselves—a rugged, earnest, independent and abstemious set of people, who pursue their laborious calling amid some of the grandest mountain scenery. Their method of getting the wood which they have cut, split and stacked, from the inaccessible heights where grow the trees from which they obtain it, to the bottom of the mountains, is by constructing a sort of bridge or "ladder" of wood, at a gradual descent, down which the loaded sleigh glides, and which is guided from the front, as shown in the engraving. The load is generally a cord of wood. This is the most dangerous part of the whole business, and the hardy woodsplitter often loses his life at it. The whole road is like a long, interminable ladder, and in case one of the rungs or cross pieces is broken, down the man's foot goes, and the sleigh, having nothing to stop its momentum, rides over him, crushing him to death.

The Cowthorpe Oak.

The noble oak of Cowthorpe, depicted in our engraving, does not derive its interest from tradition or local circumstances. As old as the oldest oak in England, it is of course rich in the associations which antiquity gives, while it has higher claims than any other tree to our notice, from its size and grandeur. It is not only a remnant of the forests of Ancient Britain, but the monarch amongst the kings of trees. Not only has it outlived all its contemporaries, but it

has outgrown them; and in it we possibly see the oldest living organism, as well as the largest oak, in England. For upward of 1,000 years it has kept alive the vital spark, it has ate and drank of the plant paladium in the soil through the same roots, and it has returned the sap to the roots through the same vessels. Is there any other created structure that has performed the functions of vitality for that time? Five times has York Minister—man's work—fallen in half the time. Cowthorpe, where the old oak grows, is a small retired village two miles east of the great north road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge, and only three miles distant from the former place. It is situated on the banks of the River Nidd, a few miles before it joins the Ouse. The highway only just touches the village, which runs off at right angles and forms a *cul de sac*, at the very end of which is the Church, the Old Hall, and the Great Oak, all of which are on the same fertile meadow, half encircled by the river.

Artillery Experiments at Trouville.

Very interesting experiments with several new pieces of artillery have been made recently at Trouville, France, in the presence of President Thiers, a number of high officials of State, and a committee of military officers. The results have been kept secret from the public, but they are understood to have given satisfaction to all who witnessed them. The battery was composed of pieces of four and seven, and several Swiss pieces of a new model. The range was 2,000 meters, and the mark was a bark anchored off shore.

Itinerant Theatre in the Environs of Paris.

During the fine Summer and Fall weather, festivities and *at fresco* entertainments of all kinds are constantly going on in the charming suburban towns, villages and hamlets in the environs of Paris. One of the most popular species of amusement is the peripatetic theatre under canvas. The performances are mostly vaudevilles, spectacular pieces, tableaux and farces. The parade and procession, as they go from one place to another, attracts the inhabitants along the line of march, and is the signal for all the small boys, idlers and farmers' lads to turn out in full force to view the gorgeous spectacle.

The French Minister to China at the Arsenal, Foo-Chow.

M. de Geoffroy, French Minister to China, has been visiting the different ports of that Empire open to foreign commerce, with a view to ascertaining their military footing, harbor defenses, arsenals, etc. On the 1st of July he arrived at Foo-Chow, and was received in great state by the viceroy or governor of the town. He thoroughly inspected the Franco-Chinese arsenal, in which there are sixty Frenchmen, besides the Chinese force. This arsenal would compare favorably with some first-class European ones. It has workshops and training-schools—all under the superintendence of skillful and experienced French engineers and officers.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

PIES IX. has an elder brother who has just entered on his 90th year.

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW is to be the new Lord Mayor of London.

HENRI ROCHEFORT is reported to be dying in his island prison, New Caledonia.

GENERAL BURNSIDE is spoken of as Minister to Russia in place of Governor Curtin.

THE Delta Phi fraternity have erected a new society hall at Dartmouth College.

GENERAL ESPARTACO has resigned his position of member of the Spanish Senate.

SOTHERN has been elected a trustee of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, in place of Charles Dickens.

A NUMBER of French priests are said to purpose following Frere Hyacinthe's matrimonial example.

VICTOR HUGO has been nominated by the Republicans of Algiers for member of the French Assembly.

QUEEN VICTORIA is to be further commemorated by a statue in Victoria Square Garden, at Montreal.

REV. OLAF OLESEN, a celebrated preacher of Northern Norway, was recently beheaded for poisoning his aged mother.

BOSTONIAN Baptists are making great preparations for the reception of the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, from England.

THE Empress of Austria writes to a woman's club at Vienna: "Ladies, keep away from politics. There is nothing but misery in it."

EDWARD TOMPKINS, of San Francisco, has given \$50,000 worth of land to the California University, to endow an Oriental professorship.

HARRIET MARTINEAU and five other English women have petitioned the House of Commons to dispense with the "cat" as a means of punishment.

THE "Evangelical Conference" has deputed Professor Merle d'Aubigné, of the German Theological School, to prepare an Address to the "Old Catholics."

THE Shah of Persia will visit Europe next year, on a scale of more than Oriental magnificence, and preparations are already being made for the grand tour.

THE remains of Henry Hein, the great German poet, will be transferred, in November next, from Père-la-Chaise, in Paris, where he was buried in 1855, to Hamburg.

EARL RUSSELL was 80 recently, and is the only survivor of the House of Commons of 1813, when he first took his seat.

THIERS refuses to reimburse the railway companies for the traveling expenses of Gambetta's administration during the war.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been offered the Professorship of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College.

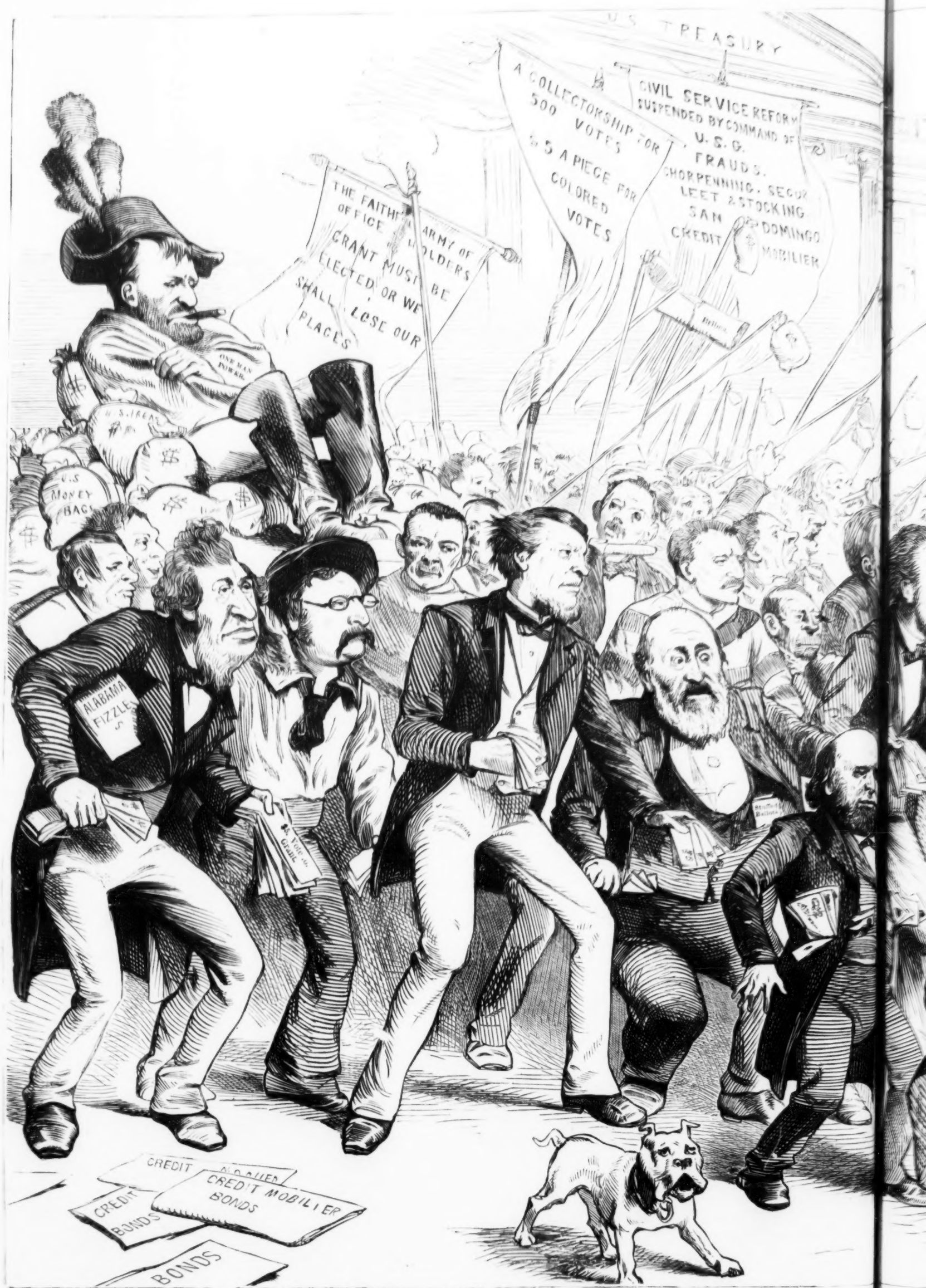
It is rumored that the Italian Government is going to give the Pantheon at Rome for a place of Protestant worship. This is the most ancient church in the Eternal City.

Four young ladies of Cincinnati are contestants for the silver cup premium offered for the best and most skillfully darned socks at the fair of Wood County, W. Va.

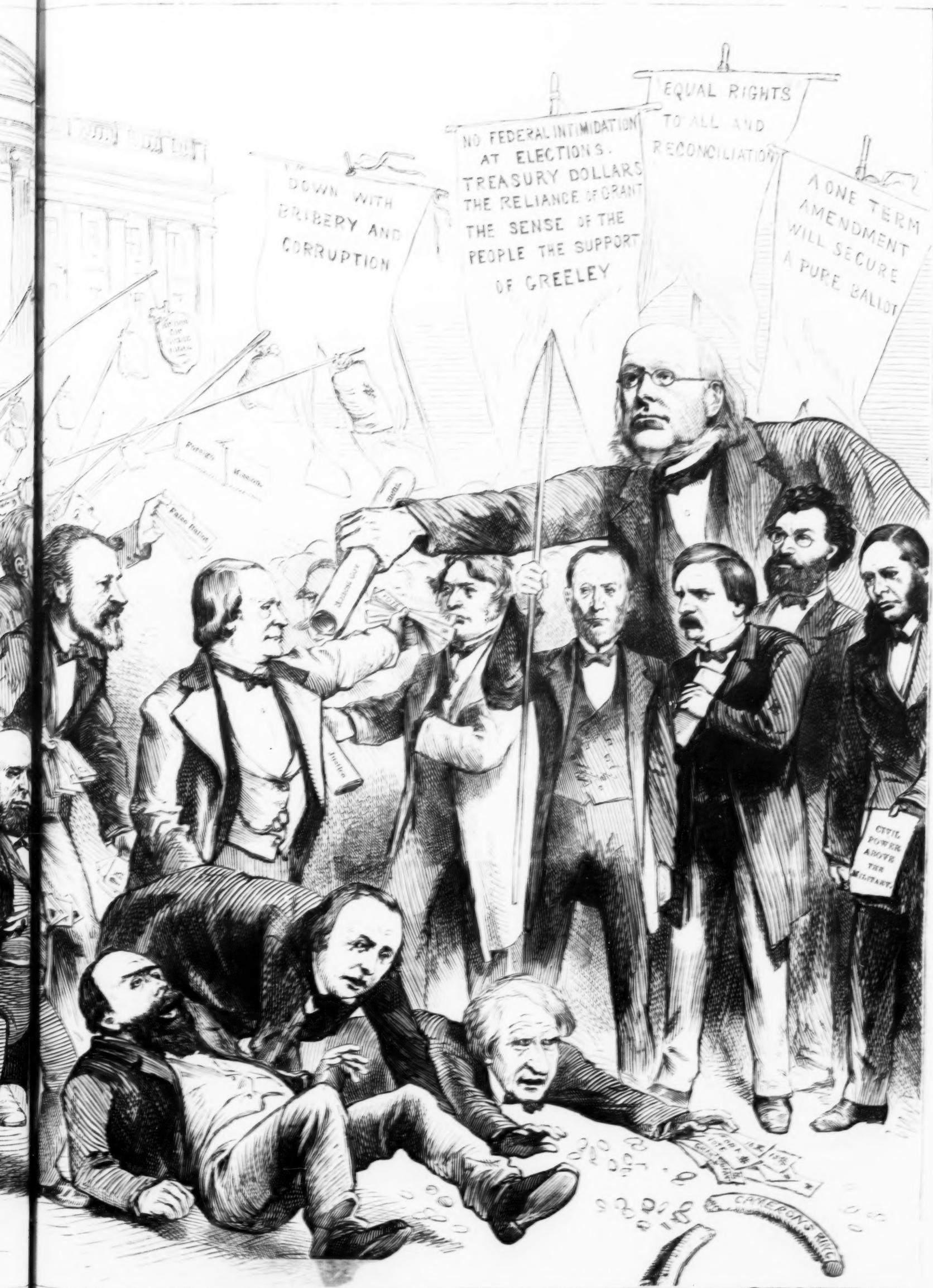
By command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Summer distribution of oatmeal to the poor on the Balmoral estates, in Scotland, took place at Abergeldie Mansion recently.

THE Pope has appointed Rev. Mr. Vaughan to be Bishop of Sa'ford, England. Father Vaughan was recently connected with the mission for the spiritual instruction of the colored people in the United States.

THE three great forms of faith in the Christian world were represented by the three sovereigns at Berlin. The Emperor of Germany is a Protestant; the Emperor of Austria is a Roman Catholic; and the Emperor of Russia is of the Greek Church.



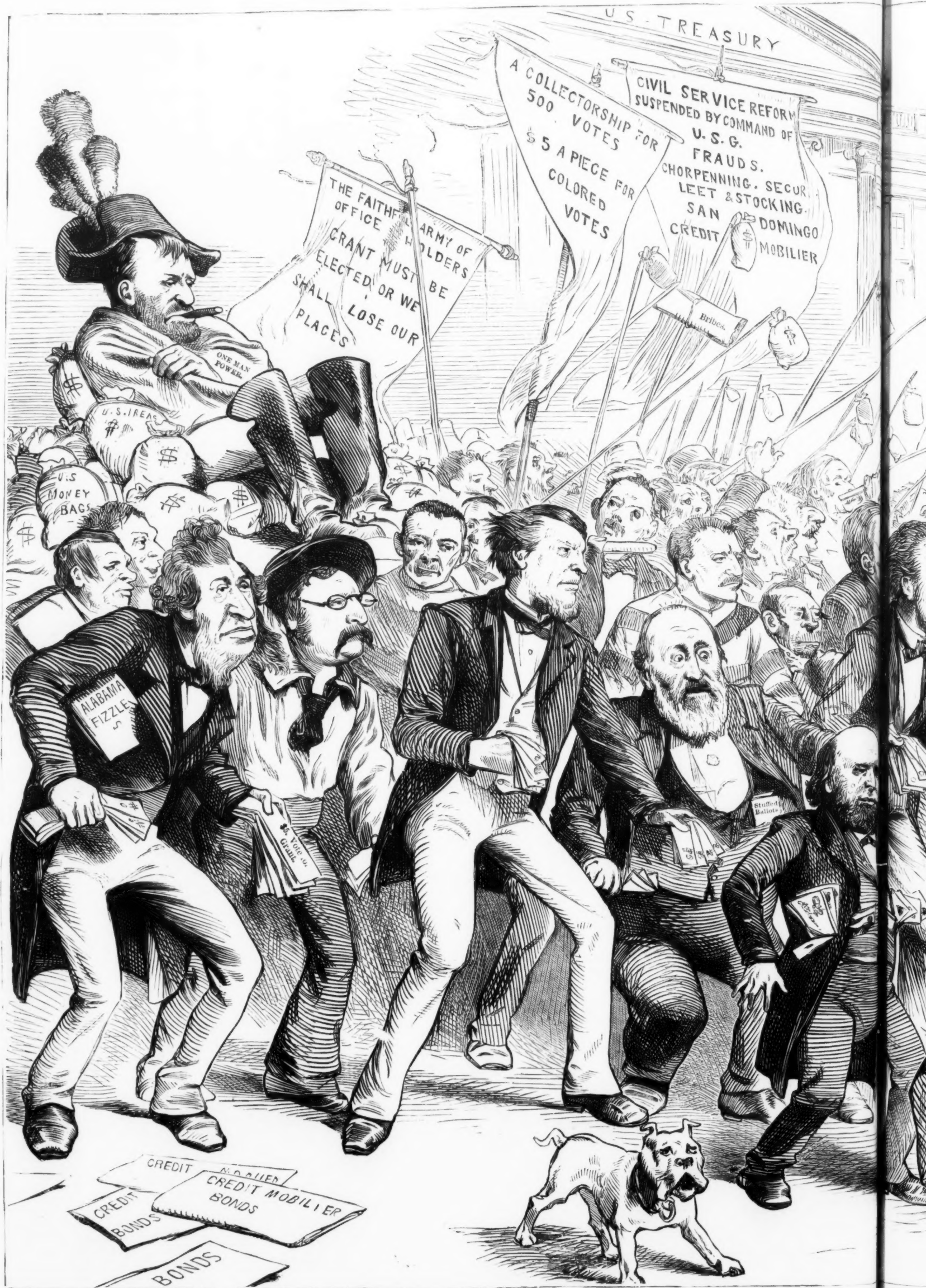
U. S. G.—“*In all my other fights I've relied upon superior numbers. Now I go*
H. G.—“*You can buy Legislatures and heads of Departments, and you can make*”



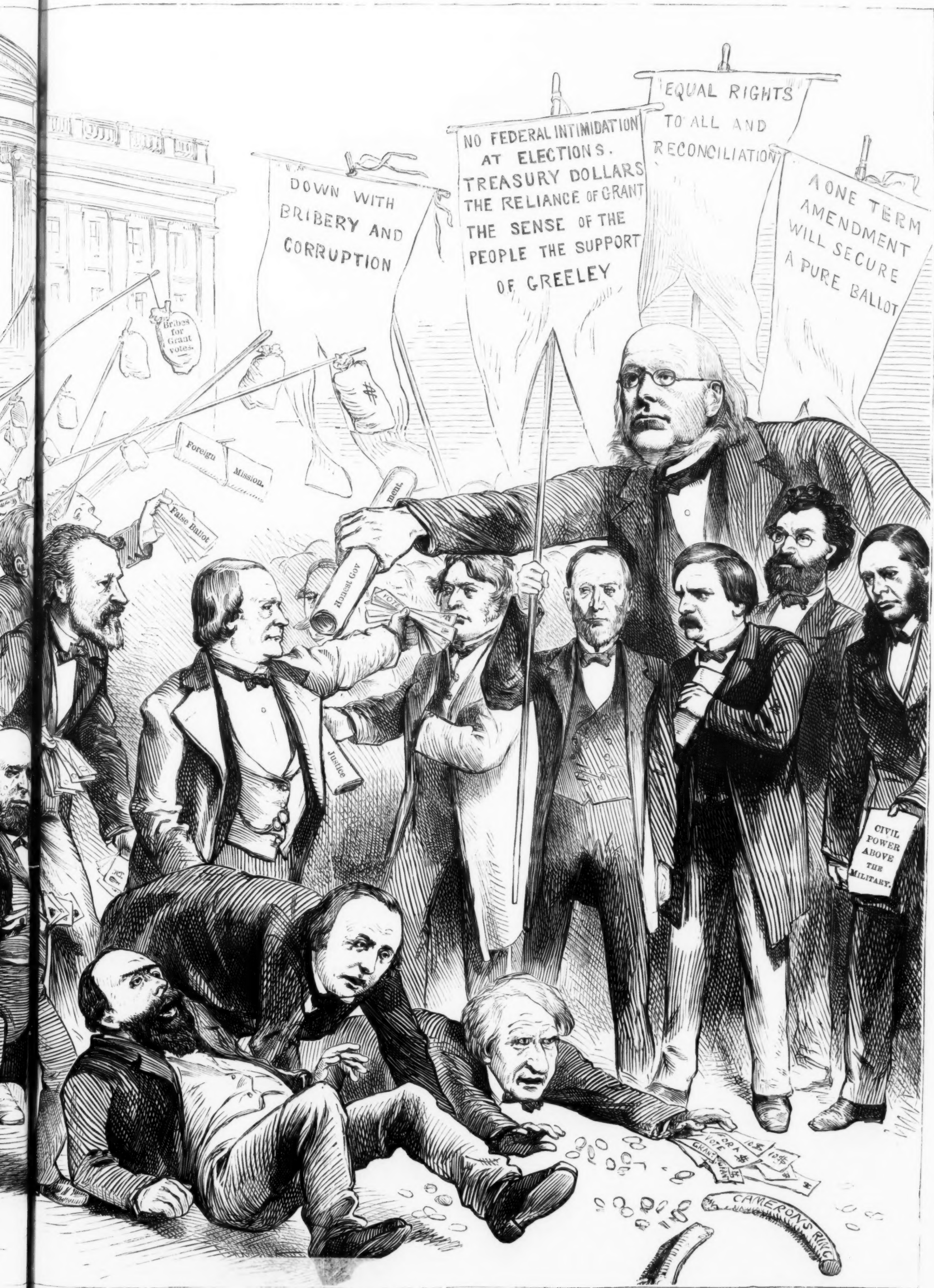
IGHT MIGHT.

I guess dollars will do the job
the measures through Congress - but you can't buy the People."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



RIGHT MIGHT
 U. S. G.—“In all my other fights I’ve relied upon superior numbers. I’ve
 H. G.—“You can buy Legislatures and heads of Departments, and you can’t buy me.”



IGHT MIGHT.

"I guess dollars will do the job."
 "You can't buy the People."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

LOOKING FORWARD.

WITH hopeful eyes turned futureward we stand,
Doing our work, not blessed, but content;
And though but rarely loving, hand meets hand,
From heart to heart love's messages are sent.
Our present life is twilight, calm and still,
Wherein we watch and wait the morrow's light,
And finish daytime tasks with right good will.
For this shall make our harvest sunshine bright.
Oh, blessed reaping-time of love long sown;
Oh, golden harvest to be gathered in;
Oh, happy day when love shall claim his own,
Oh, perfect rest our feeble wills shall win.
Oh, blessed future, dimly seen but dear,
And blessed time that daily brings thee near.

We have no time for foolish sighs and tears!
No room in all our lives for vain regret;
No need to mourn the Spring-time of our years,
No past to haunt, no sorrow to forget.
For our great love has drawn a curtain dense
Across the years that seem so far away,
And all our past is hidden; we commence
A truer, better living from to-day.
Not yet the currents of our lives may meet,
And mingling, broaden to a stream of joy,
But peace is ours; and love serene and sweet,
Shall conquer care, and soothe the world's annoy.
So, on this vantage-ground of patient love
We take firm footing. What shall us remove?

HARD LUCK.

BY
C. SHACKELFORD.

CHAPTER XXXV.—AN UNEXPECTED FACE.

I must be confessed that a feeling of profound gratification possessed me, when I read the detailed account of the trouble through which my double had so safely and triumphantly passed, and which, with me, would have probably ended in imprisonment.

My plan was working charmingly, though I feared that many such unpleasant adventures might deprive me of Arthur Flynt's co-operation. I had put innocence in the guise of supposed guilt. The point to be won was to have innocence successful in the end.

The mission Arthur Flynt had asked, in his report, that I should perform for him, was no easy undertaking for a young man unaccustomed to society, and withal morbidly sensitive and bashful in the presence of women.

Whether this peculiarity of disposition was born in me, I cannot say. That it had existed ever since I can remember, had been demonstrated beyond question on a hundred different occasions. Therefore, I regarded the errand as one from which I would gladly have been relieved. I put off the visit from day to day, until nearly a week had passed, and longer delay would have been unjust and uncivil to both parties, if it were not that already. During this period of hesitation, I had twice walked past the house which bore the street-number given as the house of Miss Primrose. It was a plain brick dwelling, placed far enough back from the street to give room for a handsome flower-plot and grouping of shrubbery. In summer that little piece of ground must have been lovely, with its masses of flowers and its well-kept lawn. On the door of the comfortably appearing house was a plate bearing the name, J. M. Primrose. This purposeless reconnaissance ended, there still remained my duty of delivering the letter. To this I finally mustered enough spirit to devote an evening.

Donning my best wardrobe, and having had my hair artistically arranged, I hastened with a faint heart to the dwelling mentioned. The servant who opened the door said Miss Primrose was at home, and I was asked into the parlor, to await the delivery of my card, and the appearance of the lady. I had barely time to notice that the room was handsomely furnished, more with a view to comfort than display, when the door opened, and there appeared a young lady of not more than twenty-two or three years of age, of medium height, full figure and handsome face, whose thick brown hair was rolled back and coiled in a regal manner at the back of her head. In her face was revealed such beauty, such frankness of expression, such goodness of heart, that I at once felt at ease. As we neared each other, I saw come over that face, like a cloud, an expression of displeasure. At the same instant she spoke:

"This is not right, Arthur, to come here under an assumed name, after the result of our last meeting."

Having said this, she seemed about to retire from the room.

"Miss Primrose will pardon me, I hope, if I am too bold in asserting that she is mistaken as to my identity, and that I am really Mr. Goldant, and not Mr. Flynt."

"Indeed?" she asked, turning quickly to look at me again. "Your voice is different, though similar, and you are deliberate in speech, where he is impetuous. But your face remarkably resembles his; remarkably," repeating and emphasizing the word as, with polite surprise, she studied my features with her large brown eyes. "I ask your forgiveness, Mr. Goldant, for my rudeness."

"The mistake is a very natural one," I replied, "although I had not thought, upon coming here, of the probability of its occurring to you. We look very much alike, as I have found from my experience as a stranger here."

"Please be seated," said Miss Primrose, motioning me toward a tempting easy-chair. "Are you not a relative of Mr. Flynt's?" she inquired.

"Simply an acquaintance, lately made," I answered. "But I have come here this evening for him, to deliver a letter." Again the shadow came over the face, and I stopped.

"I am annoying you, I think," I remarked.

"Oh, no! not so bad as that," she said; "I will listen to you."

"If there is wrong or misunderstanding in this matter, I beg you to believe me innocent

of any purpose but that of doing Mr. Flynt a kindness. He is now traveling in another State. I made his acquaintance just before his departure, through this resemblance between us, which you yourself observe. I suppose that, because he has no other person whom he in his disgrace cares to trouble, he has requested me to act as his ambassador."

"There is no blame against you, believe me!" urged Miss Primrose, putting the letter I had brought upon the table. She then began to converse upon other topics, with polite inquiries as to my opinion of the town, its people, and so forth. During this conversation, in fact, from the moment she entered the room, her face and her gestures seemed dimly familiar, as if I had noticed them years before, and they had made a strong impression upon me. Yet, for a little while I could not recall when or where, if at all, they had been noticed; and it is likely I could not have fixed them at all had she not casually mentioned Lakeville, and occasional visits thereto. That was the key to the closet of my memory, and I swung open the door.

"About ten years ago," I began, suddenly changing the subject, "I was at the Lakeville Opera House. In the dress circle, second tier, about half-way between the centre aisle and the boxes, sat a lady, a gentleman and a young lady—or a girl, if you choose—with a magnificent mass of dark brown curls. Her dress, as near as I can remember, was of some thin material, of a shade of blue, with an overgarment of black lace. Next to her sat the gentleman, middle-aged, stout, with a heavy gray mustache. The play was 'Macbeth,' and—"

"Surely I must have been that girl," she laughed, and the gentleman, my friend in Lakeville. It was my first night at the theatre, and I was beside myself with pleasure and excitement. And you—where were you?"

"In the gallery, Miss Primrose."

"Ah!" in a disappointed tone.

"I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I was a poor boy then, fighting for existence on the streets."

"An orphan, Mr. Goldant?"

"An orphan!"

"How strange you should notice and remember me, one of hundreds, and a little girl!"

"I don't think so; for the picture, to me, was a pleasant one. I did not forget it for years. I have never forgotten it, you see."

"That was a long time ago," she said, absently, and at the same instant putting her hand, unintentionally it seemed to me, on the letter I had brought. But the act at once brought me to myself, and with an apology for detaining her so long, I arose, unwillingly, to go.

"I am in debt to Mr. Flynt for a very pleasant half-hour, as he prophesied," I said. She merely bowed her head, but her lips had a smile upon them as she replied:

"I could retort that you might easily have been passed upon me as a most excellent counterfeit. For that, however, I will forgive the original, the claim to which you can argue with Mr. Flynt."

Then followed the "good-evenings," and a minute later I was walking toward my lodgings, with a heart feverish with a passion dormant for years, but now magically awakened. A hopeless love it was, probably—remembering that Mr. Flynt had preceded me—but none the less intense and abiding. This visit was a replenishing of the fire at the altar of my devotion; my boyish affection now blossomed into a man's strong passion, and from that night my life began to change.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A RICOCHET.

WHAT a dull existence I led for a little while in that town! Spring was creeping over the land like a delightful dream; but in the dark and dismal office of the mill, I could see nothing but the great yard, the buildings that made a wall on three sides, the operatives coming and going, the slant of the sunlight against the west windows until they glowed like burnished copper and dazzled the eye with the glare of their illumination; sometimes the sound of twittering birds in the eaves, or the merry cries of children at play, rose above the hum of machinery, and floated into the dingy office with the balmy south wind.

What I saw of change, from rigorous wintry days to springtime throbbing with the wondrous pulsations of awakening life, was seen only in the early morning or in the lengthening twilight.

The rest of the time, my pen scratched down page after page of account-books, and no day seemed long enough to permit the finishing of work that increased with the business of the establishment. The prisoner in his cell, who could etch delicate pictures of life upon his walls of stone, or study the labors of an insect, seemed a happier man than I, working out dull, stupid problems in my busy trade. At times this stagnation became so unbearable, that I would half resolve to return to Verity & Co., tell all, and then and there settle my indebtedness to the law, if such indebtedness could be proved against me. But, as if in defiance, always loomed up before my vision the disgrace of the trial, the lamplight limning of the Press, that carries an accusation of crime before the world months before it can be disproved. I must wait for the truth to grow out of the false. If I had read the papers of Lakeville, much of my mental disquiet might have been avoided, as afterward appeared. But I pertinaciously avoided them, with a cowardly feeling that I now blush to acknowledge. As no one had discovered me, it seemed as if my likeness—Flynt—was bearing the burden of my trouble and leading my pursuers away from me. I say it seemed so, for I had no knowledge of his whereabouts since his report from Cleveland, given a month before the time of which I write.

One bright, warm day in April, a party of gentlemen, most of them strangers in the town, came down to the mill. They were tariff, or anti-tariff men. I forget which, and at the request of the company, made a visit of in-

quiry, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Government was doing the fair thing by home industry, and if not, then there was to be an effort to have something done that would be fair. I did not see the party until, at almost the last moment, they came into the office with the president of the company, to get some statistics which he requested me to make out as speedily as possible. I had not noticed any of them particularly as they passed in to the private office. The last footing was being put down, when a hand was put upon my shoulder. Looking up, there stood at my side a fat, heavily-bearded man, who evidently was a jolly old soul—if a man can be called old at forty or thereabouts—with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"I can't be mistaken," said the man, beginning to shake with a laugh—such as pervades the body of all good fat men when they are tickled—"I can't be mistaken in you, though I haven't seen you for years—not since you were a boy. Ain't your name Goldant—Ralph Goldant?"

My first thought was, "I'm found out at last!" and I felt my face burn as if with shame. But I mastered my tongue sufficiently to say that my name was Goldant.

"By Jove! you've forgotten me! Now, that is good! But you'd remember my wife, if you saw her, I'll bet. Bless your heart, man, you must know me—Pekin—Augustus Pekin—who gave you a life one time when you needed it."

I instantly dropped my pen, and caught his hand with a hearty grip.

"If I couldn't remember your face, that has changed so much, it was not because I have forgotten your kindness," I declared. "It does me good to see you, sir."

"Thank you! thank you! And you're here—a good, honest young fellow, I know. I'm glad of that!" and he rattled on with such rapidity, that I could not squeeze in a word edgewise. When he halted for breath, I ventured to ask him about his wife.

"Splendid health, Ralph. You must come up and see us. She used to wonder, once in a while, what had become of you; and I know she'll be mighty glad to see you. We're stopping at Primrose's, up-town."

"Primrose's?" I asked, in an eager voice, which I was thankful he did not notice—"J. M. Primrose, on Pierpont Street, Mr. Pekin?"

"The same. Gad! You must come up to-night, without fail. There's a regular heart-crusher there, too, Ralph, and you must come up and make her acquaintance. I know you'll admire her!" and he gave me a stab in the side with his thumb, and rolled out an oily laugh a yard long. "Why don't you say you'll come, eh?"

"You haven't given me a chance," I answered, laughing, and with my heart beating like a trip-hammer. "Certainly, I will go, and I thank you for the invitation."

Little did he suspect the truth, and that for that very invitation I would have given a great deal more than I was worth. It was what I had longed for in vain for many weeks. It did seem as if Mr. Pekin always brought me good luck, and put my unlucky star in the ascendant. Surely it was so in this case. Go? I would pass through fire and water, that I might meet Emma Primrose again!

The slow hours *drag* themselves along, and evening found me in the presence of Mrs. Pekin, who was giving me a warm welcome. She appeared still handsome, notwithstanding the years that had passed since I had seen her, and added cares in the shape of numerous small Pekins. Apparently she was as glad to see me as I was to see her husband and herself, asking me many questions about myself and my past life. I was glad, however, that the conversation was changed by the appearance of Miss Primrose, who came into the room in her graceful way, and was coming toward me with a smile of recognition, when the Honorable Augustus attempted the rôle of introducing us by saying: "Miss Emma Primrose—Mr. Ralph Goldant!" whereupon we both bowed and smiled.

"I say, Ralph, do you remember what Mrs. Pekin told you while you were at the hotel at Lake Side, when you ran out of the room so suddenly?" said Augustus.

"Certainly. She stated that she had a sister handsomer than herself, which I, with good reason, thought impossible."

"Well, Miss Emma here is that little sister. That shows that, among my wife's many accomplishments, she tells the truth."

"But never unwillingly," said Mrs. Pekin.

While this little dialogue was going on, Miss Primrose had seated herself, and listened, with a little deeper flush, I thought, but without speaking.

I ventured to suggest to Mr. Pekin that I had met his sister-in-law before, which made him open his eyes, and remark that "there was no getting ahead of you young fellows?"

"Come, Em! a tune before I go down-stairs!" he cried; "give us something like a rouser! When your sex gets its rights without the alloy of its wrongs, you know, and the Arcadian days are yours, we'll tum-tum the piano for you!" and the jolly man stretched himself on the lounge to enjoy the music.

Miss Primrose proceeded to unload the strings of the instrument of a large amount of unsuspected melody. Every touch she gave to the keys evoked a sound of harmony. She whirled through medley after medley of lively tunes, and ended her concert by singing a plaintive song of life and death.

"You've put dancing before mourning," said Mr. Pekin, with a sigh, "and I shall go away sad at heart."

"Not if I can help it," replied the player, running her fingers over the keys, and working out an intricate and droll tune which set everybody to laughing.

"That's the last of the series!" she exclaimed, whirling round on her stool so as to face us.

"Thanks!" said Augustus, getting slowly on

his feet. "I'll leave you, Ralph, if you'll excuse me. The ladies will make amends for my absence!" saying which, he immediately disappeared.

It seemed to me that that was the shortest evening I ever knew. There was no cessation to happy conversation and music. I was like a schoolboy. My heart overflowed with feelings of happiness and joy. Miss Primrose talked so easily and eloquently that it required a desperate effort for me to make up my mind when to depart.

Not a word passed between us about Arthur Flynt—though my previous visit was referred to—until the minute of my departure. Then she asked:

"Have you heard from Mr. Flynt lately? and how is he getting along?"

"I am sorry to say I have not heard from him. I haven't the slightest idea where he is or what he is doing."

That disposed of the subject.

To my great delight I was invited by her to call again, and with a heartiness that convinced me the request was not one of mere formality. Mrs. Pekin reiterated the compliment, saying that herself and husband would be there for a week longer, and that I must not be at all ceremonious with them, but come as often as convenient.

Taking everything into consideration, I descended the front steps in a state of mind very nearly like intoxication. To think that after so many years I should be brought into the society of the pretty girl I had seen at the theatre! It seemed too unreal to believe. I went home with a light heart, an elastic tread, and spirits high up in the realms of imagination, resolving to do great deeds; and for what? For love of Miss Primrose. A wonderful thing to me at first was this grand passion! Never was the world so beautiful and good; never did life seem so full of promise; never did trouble seem so insignificant. I felt so strong to overcome obstacles, so eager to accomplish some great good whereby she should honor and praise me. Did I wonder if she could ever return my passion? I think not. The question, if it came to my mind at all, was speedily banished, and I dwelt only upon the delight, the all-sufficient satisfaction I experienced in this new and absorbing sensation that had developed within me. I seemed to ask nothing, to expect nothing, feeling sure only of the great joy that was already my own, and which filled me with such happiness. In this first stage of my passion, I turned my thoughts away from unpleasant and harsh realities. I nearly forgot that I was viewed in the light of a criminal, that I was a fugitive from the grip of the law.

Perhaps I would have gone on for months building castles, and painting gorgeous pictures for their walls, if it had not been for Flynt, from whom no word had come for three weeks. He brought me back from rose-tinted clouds to the fact that my life was not a springy, daisy-gemmed turf, with fragrant flowers along the border, but a stony, slippery by-way, edged with thistles.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—DRIFTING ABOUT.

"IF," wrote Mr. Flynt, in a report received the second day after my evening visit to the Pekins—"If I had committed a murder, a downright, atrocious murder, I could not be the recipient of odder attentions in the way of questions, of partial arrests, of company such as no respectable man would dare to keep, of insinuations that savor strongly of a prison odor. Of course I have no certain information of the cause that impelled you to seize upon the circumstance of our remarkable likeness as a shield for your reputation and your safety, nor do I much care what that cause may be, for my conscience is free from the burden of any wrongdoing, and I am getting into that frame of mind which enables me rather to enjoy than to fear the annoyances to which I often find myself subjected. But this I do know, that in such personation, I should go crazy if there were a shadow of guilt upon my soul. The constant apprehensions which must clog the feet and torture the mind of a fugitive from justice are in themselves a punishment severer than the penalty prescribed by the law."

"As I have intimated, I rather enjoy my occupation; it brings me into strange places, among strange characters, that evolve, by combination, peculiar happenings, in which I find a deep interest. Besides, my thoughts are kept from dwelling upon my own troubles, and in that restriction is my cure, if any."

"Since I wrote you from Cleveland, I have been traveling zig-zag back to the point of departure, though in this miserable backwoods town of Yule, only two hundred miles to the west of you, I feel as if I were in a strange land, a thousand leagues from home. At the tavern here we have fried pork three times a day, with an allowance of doughnuts that seem to be in constant process of cooking. The score of men who tramp out in the morning, and in at night, are woodchoppers. At their head stalks a man of fifty, huge of beard, brawny of limb, vicious of eye, stealthy of gesture. I am interested in him even while I fear him. For three days I have been intriguing to get into the good graces of this man, who is called Trimmer by his acquaintances, and am only stared at for my pains."

"I have written you of the trouble caused me at Cleveland, through the efforts of that valiant woman. But the proving of my identity did not allay the suspicions of the wonderful police of that city, who deemed it necessary to keep a spy following me wherever I went. Of this I was quietly informed by rough-looking strangers, who probably thought I belonged to their tribe, and so warned me. In fact, I met with this kind of friendly attention in many places, while at the same time, by some sort of system among themselves, the police of these towns appeared to be forewarned of my coming, and some man seemed appointed to keep me

in view as soon as I put my foot in the place. I always discovered this fact before I had been in a town many hours. Perhaps my being a man of leisure had something to do with strengthening the suspicion attached to me. Twice I have been put under arrest without warrant or charges against me; in fact, my captor did not even know my name, or why he took me, save under information from the last town where I stopped.

"This systematic and illegal persecution has about satisfied me that somebody not interested through a reward is moving against me in all possible ways, for motives of a mere personal vengeance. Perhaps you may be able on the instant to decide whether that person is the woman already referred to, or a man, or an officer of the law looking for a fee, because he has some grudge against you.

"I am satisfied that, were I to disappear, you would become the recipient of the attentions bestowed upon me; because there seems to be method in the whole matter—a method to which I can get no clue.

"Beyond these particulars, I am not aware of any news of interest to you. Hoping that you and my mother, and also Miss Primrose, are well, I remain, Yours truly,

"ARTHUR FLYNT."

The close pursuit of my counterfeit involved a problem not easily solved. Summed up in a few words, it was—Who was following, or having him followed? I answered myself—Not the insurance companies, because it would cost too much. Not Mr. Winkie, because he was in prison. Not Mrs. Winkie, because she had not sufficient motives. But it might be Captain Fimkin, who, as a villain of a high order, might bring into his service men whom he could control through fear or money, even if he were still in a foreign country. I did not dread him as much as I did the law; or, rather, the results of the law; but I cherished from that moment a strong, revengeful resolve, to bring him either to a personal punishment or under the penalty of the law, just as soon as I could safely begin the work. If he were vile enough to have me followed, or my double, which was the same thing, it was through the same incomprehensible malice he had exhibited toward me whenever opportunity presented. I resolved it should have a *finale* as speedily as possible.

But this was not the whole of Flynt's letter. There was an appendix or supplementary report, relating more to myself than anything he had yet given me. He began:

"Hardly had I completed my letter of yesterday, and before I could mail it, when I was called away by hearing a great noise in the bar-room below. Having put down my pen and opened the door of my apartment, the sounds that greeted my ears bore every indication of battle among the boarders. There were all sorts of cries; but when picked out, they seemed to be principally oaths, forged in anger and whirled right and left by stentorian lungs. I could also hear groans and blows and the crash of wood, even through the closed door of the bar-room. Suddenly it was opened, and into the wide hall, which was dimly lighted by a smoky, greasy lamp, there rushed a body of men, twirling and twisting like a heap of snakes. In the centre of this mass I saw the man Trimmer swinging a light pine table-leg in a circle, and bringing down a man every time. Against him raged the crowd, with sticks and chairs and fists. They dealt him blows from front and sides and rear, without interfering with the tremendous mowing down of his assailants. It was a picture to see him, bare-headed, bare-armed, coatless, almost shirtless, save the rags that fluttered around him, standing like a gladiator of old, apparently working with the coolness and precision of a steam-engine, and backing slowly, get surely toward a corner, regardless of the storm of blows that rained upon him. He was alone in the fight, and though he struggled never so sturdily, it was not long before he was down, and the mob, with yells of delight, struck him a score of blows before some one cried:

"He's down! Leave him alone!"

"They returned to the bar-room, and left the vanquished Trimmer motionless and uncared for. As the old fellow's body seemed of no account even to the women who had been looking on, I thought it only humane to give him a little attention, especially as I had once studied surgery for a time, and my services in this case might prove useful.

"He had been roughly handled. His head was badly cut, and one stroke had gashed the cheek. But, getting his insensible body to a vacant room, a good deal of water and sticking-plaster brought him to his senses, and patched together his torn skin, until he resembled a used-up American flag.

"You had the worst of this fight," I observed when the old fellow was comfortably tucked up on a lounge, with a glass of whisky, which he had demanded, within easy reach. He made no answer.

"You fought like a brave man—long and well."

"See here! leave out your poetry; it may be good, but it ain't of no use," he remarked, in a savage way. "That was a lively scrimmage, wasn't it?"

"I replied that, from my point of observation, it seemed to be a very animated discussion of clubs.

"Oh! I made it hot for them a bit of the time, though," reaching out for his liquor.

"Warmer than I should care to have it," said I.

"I hain't had much of a tussle since my difficulty with a hound of a fellow called Fimkin, and that happened 'bout fifteen year ago, as nigh as I can make out. But then that was a fight for life, and the chap thinks I lost."

"Thinks he killed you?" I asked. He nodded his patched-up head, and sipped heartily at his drink. "That's odd!" I exclaimed, to draw him.

"Ah! so it is; but I'll match him yet, and make it even."

"Fifteen years ago!—eh? That strikes me as putting off the payment a long time."

"Praps! Hain't seen him since, and don't want to; 'cause, when we do meet, somebody'll be hurt."

"There was no doubt in my mind that would be the case—he spoke this opinion in such a calm, matter-of-fact way.

"I was wondering as to the cause of his trouble with this Fimkin, when he burst out with—

"Well, why the deuce don't you ask me?"

"Ask what?"

"About my scrimmage with the captain. You want to know, I bet."

"Yes, if you want to tell."

"Fimkin and I were good cronies," he began, as if he were telling the story and had taken up its thread again, "and always had share and share alike. Now, one day in July—it's fifteen years or thereabouts—we ran into a town called Chester, in the next State. A day or so 'fore that, a stranger gentleman to the town, they told us, had a hole made clean through his body with a chunk of anvil that busted when they was a-firing of it—it being the Fourth of July. There was a little boy with the stranger. Now, there was a sum of money found on that body. So, Fimkin got up a big yarn for the sheriff, who was his cousin, that the money was counterfeit, that he knew the man, and was a chum of his. Somehow, Fimkin got the plumb part of the money, the sheriff saying he'd keep some anyhow, just for samples. I reckon he didn't more'n half believe his coz about the counterfeit. That was nothing to me, though, so I held out my hand to the captain for my share, and got laughed at for my pains.

"How's this?" says I.

"Nice!" says he, laughin'.

"My share is wanted 'cordin' to contract," I says.

"Quite proper, Thomas Trimmer, and you can go to Sheriff Blegg and get what's left. He'll turn it over to you, of course."

"We deal with each other, captain, and no outsiders admitted. Give me my share."

"To the deuce with your share and your impudence!" says the captain, hot as mustard. "What claim have you in this affair, when you didn't lift a finger?"

"There's our understanding," I said.

"He laughed again, got up from the place where we'd been a-settin', and was a movin' away."

"No you don't!" says I, getting in front of him.

(To be continued.)

OPENING NIGHT OF THE OPERA.

IT was the first appearance of Pauline Lucca, and the Academy of Music was crammed with an audience, both fashionable and critical, from parquet to dome. Rarely, indeed, if ever, have we beheld the opera-house so densely thronged. Not a single seat was vacant. The very passages between the seats were packed with the black-coated habitués of such fashionable gatherings who either could not afford to pay, or had failed to apply in time, for secured seats.

Perhaps no opera could have been selected with less positive attractions merely in itself than "L'Africaine." Finely composed as it is, it demands a larger care in its setting than most operas of its class. In order to bring out the nobility and variety which characterize its music. This, also, noble and various in character as it is, furnishes less of that spontaneously seizable melody which at once proclaims itself popular. Possibly, it may have been in no small degree owing to this fact that the audience, although so large, was coldly disinclined to applaud, and waited for the vocalists of the evening to appeal positively to its heart or its judgment before it condescended to waste any applause upon them. Madame Lucca herself was the only one of the new company who was received with anything resembling warmth, and when this first ovation of common politeness was ended, it at once relapsed into its previous frigidity. It might almost have been supposed, but for the gay colors of the female dresses, that this audience was but a huge party of mutes at some funeral.

In the first act, little is required of her, but how finely and nobly this little was rendered! Indeed, at the moment when *Vasco di Gama* opens with his recitative, how singularly, with her sudden tremor, did she convey to the audience that fatal love which colors the whole of the tragic fable on which Meyerbeer has founded his musical drama! Somewhat wavering in her voice when she first sang, after a few notes she revealed to the hearers what a powerful instrument was in her control to bewilder or to madden their fancy. It was in the second act, however, in her song over the sleeping *Vasco*, that the listener first began to be aware of her positive strength—a strength as fully developed in her tenderness as it is in her more lofty passages of vocalism. This was followed by the scene with *Nelusko*, who has come to murder the sleeper. In this duet, terror, wrath and love are indescribably blended by her, and in the subsequent scene with *Vasco*, when the foiled assassin has quitted them, and she mistakes the enthusiasm *Vasco* expresses for the island which she paints to him in burning words, for a response to her love, her musical histrionism is simply perfect. The third act is one of those exceptional ones in which Meyerbeer revels. The main prayer by the ship's company; the legend of Adamastor, sung by *Nelusko*; the combat between *Pedro* and *Vasco*, ended by the treachery of the former; *Selika's* (Pauline Lucca) passionate threat to kill *Inez*; the storm and the seizure of the vessel by *Selika's* countrymen, are essentially his own. Nothing can well be more dramatically rendered than Lucca's portion of

them, but her portion is more subordinate than in the preceding or in the two following acts. Indeed, it is in these two last that she stamped herself as the greatest living dramatic vocalist. In the first of these, when installed once more as Queen in her own land, and *Vasco* is discovered, she claims him as the husband she has wedded while his slave, her acting, vocal and personal alike, were such as we have not seen by any *soprano* upon the lyric stage, for the last quarter of a century. Equally fine was the part of this act in which, overcome by the purity and depth of her passion, *Vasco* for the moment believes himself in love with her. Her rapturous joy is something which completely overpowers her audience with its exquisite truth and feeling. But our space warns us that we must hurry to a close. We can consequently only call attention to the scene under the Manzanilla tree (the *Upas*) to which she has repaired to die, as the vessel to which she has consigned *Vasco* and *Inez* leaves her. The sublimity of loving despair, her glad visions, under the effect of the fatal perfume; her return to the reality of her anguish, and her death, were marvelously sung, and, perhaps, even more marvelously acted.

It would be needless to say that by this time the coldness of the vast audience had been completely swept away. She had dazzled them out of their senses. At the close of each of the three last acts, she had been summoned before the curtain to receive the expression of their delight scores of times, and at the close of the opera the applause was literally frantic. Her triumph was thorough and genuine; and to-day she stands alone as the grandest and most exquisite *soprano* who has ever appeared upon the lyric stage in the New World.

We should not be doing justice to Signor Abrugnedo, Signor Moriani, Madame Leon Levielli, specially, or the rest of the company, if we did not notice them, although it must perforce be somewhat scantily. The first is a thoroughly good and capable *tenore*. His singing in the second and fourth acts was fine and effective. Moriani, as *Nelusko*, also made a very favorable impression, while Madame Leon Levielli is possibly the best *secunda donna* we ever remember upon the New York stage. We also had to welcome back those two acceptable artists, Signors Lyall and Jamet, with a great deal of that very old scenery to which we had trusted we had bidden an eternal farewell. Mr. Maretzek has redeemed all his musical promises, and his chorus was certainly fifty per cent. better than it has ever before been in this city.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. VINTON.

THE unexpected death, on the 28th of September, of the Rev. Francis Vinton, D.D., for many years stationed at Trinity Church, New York city, has created a vacancy in ecclesiastical, collegiate and social circles, that will long remain a void. Dr. Vinton was one of the most scholarly clergymen in the country—a careful, fascinating instructor; a pastor in the most ample sense; a generous patron of benevolent enterprises; a delightful Christian friend.

He was born in Providence, R. I., sixty-three years ago, and at an early age exhibited a remarkably studious disposition. His mind leaning toward the military profession, he entered the Academy at West Point in 1826, and graduated four years later with noticeable distinction. He was ordered to Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, and while continuing the study of his favorite profession, he entered the Law School. His readings assumed a practical shape. In 1834 he was admitted to practice law by the Bar of Portsmouth, N. H. Shortly after this he entered upon active military service, and participated in the famous Creek war.

In 1837 he resigned his commission, and began preparing himself for Holy Orders. From the time of his ordination as deacon, in 1838, to 1855, when he was elected an assistant minister of Trinity Church, his ecclesiastical promotions were rapid. He was once elected Episcopal Bishop of Indiana, but declined the high trust. Columbia College, of New York city, presented him the degree of D.D. in 1848, and Brown University that of D.C.L. In appearance he was tall and thick-set, with an inviting countenance, and the most polished carriage.

The obsequies were held in his old church, on the afternoon of October 24, in the presence of nearly six thousand friends. The remains were borne to the church and placed on a bier. The burial-service was recited by Drs. Dix and Swope, assisted by Bishop Potter, a full choir rendering the musical portion with much feeling. The last ceremonies ended, the remains were borne to the hearse, and thence to the Newport boat, for the final journey and interment.

THE PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

A SUDDEN stroke of lightning, followed by a disastrous conflagration, has called the attention of the historic world to one of the most noted monuments of monarchical taste. The great granite gridiron, with its gorgeous palace, its massive monastery, its invaluable library, its countless altars of gold and jasper, and its grandly beautiful crypt, is reduced to the blackness of destruction. Spain's imperial burial-palace, the stupendous testimonial of Philip II. to the power of his patron, St. Lawrence, that seemed almost a city on a lonely plain of the Guadarrama Mountains, has fallen, like the fraillest piece of mortality, and lies in humble, disconnected heaps.

The Escorial was some three centuries old, and perpetuated the victory of Philip over France on the field of St. Quentin. As St. Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron, the royal

conqueror determined to shape his thanksgiving monument after the pattern of the instrument on which his patron suffered death. It had seventeen ranges of buildings, with numerous towers of commanding proportions. Twenty years were occupied in its erection, and millions upon millions of dollars defrayed the expense. The chief artisans of the Old World were secured for its embellishment, and nothing that gold could command was omitted in its completion.

Philip himself was the first buried by its majestic altar, while around him the successive emperors and kings of Spain have slept on, none the more quietly than the poor outcast in the neglected Potter's Field.

NEWS BREVITIES.

A big fair is going on at Toronto, Canada.

IMMENSE lace collars are to come into fashion.

FENIAN agents are again operating in England.

MOBILE has suspended her Dog law for want of dogs.

THE Cincinnati Exposition displays a \$3,000 piece of point lace.

THE next International Congress will be held in Switzerland.

ONE of the productions of Java is a tree which yields vegetable tallow.

THE licenses of the captain and mate of the steamer *Metis* have been revoked.

AMERICAN manufacturers are invited to compete at the great Russian Fair.

THE corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple at Harrisburgh, Pa., has been laid.

THE "International Congress" at the Hague has turned out a complete failure.

THE Mexicans have just been celebrating the independence of their delightfully peaceful country.

A STATUE in honor of King Robert the Bruce is to be erected on the esplanade of Stirling Castle.

AFTER a strike of one month, the miners of the La Salle Valley and Jones's Coal Mines, Ill., have resumed work.

THE monument to Baron Steuben was unveiled at Steuben, N. Y., September 30th, with interesting ceremonies.

MRS. FAIR, who assassinated Judge Crittenden at San Francisco, has been declared not guilty, after a second trial.

THE second annual convention of the National Catholic Temperance Union will be held in Cleveland, Thursday, October 10th.

FOUR statues, embracing the subject—Justice, Truth, Mercy and Peace, are to be erected in the new law courts of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

PARIS newshoys are to be uniformed in dark blue, and are to wear caps of scarlet cloth, similar to those worn by the Neapolitan boatmen.

DR. LOUIS BUCHNER, a distinguished German philosopher, has arrived in this city, and has met with a warm reception from his fellow countrymen.

THE joyful procession at Berlin in honor of the three emperors was somewhat juggernautic. Eight persons were crushed to death, and many others badly hurt.

AN English colony of well-to-do farmers possessing a capital of from \$2,000 to \$10,000 each, is about to settle eight townships in Clay County, Minn., on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway.

A MOST remarkable and valuable collection of miniatures, numbering upward of 1,200, has been bequeathed to the Louvre by M. Riviere, who was formerly one of the principal officers under the Minister of Fine Arts.

MICHEL BUTIN and ALEXIS DE LOMONOSOFF, of the Imperial Society of Mineralogy of Russia, are at St. Louis, for the purpose of gaining information about the resources and development of the iron and commercial interests of the West.

A BODY of expelled Jesuits, 250 in number, recently reached Paris from Strasbourg. They are thinking of settling in England and Brazil, though 80,000 Alsatians have petitioned Bismarck to allow the banished fathers to return to Strasbourg.

YEARS ago it was the custom for all vessels passing Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, to toll their bells in honor of the sacred memories of the place. During the war it was manifestly impossible, and since the inauguration of peace again the custom has not been revived.

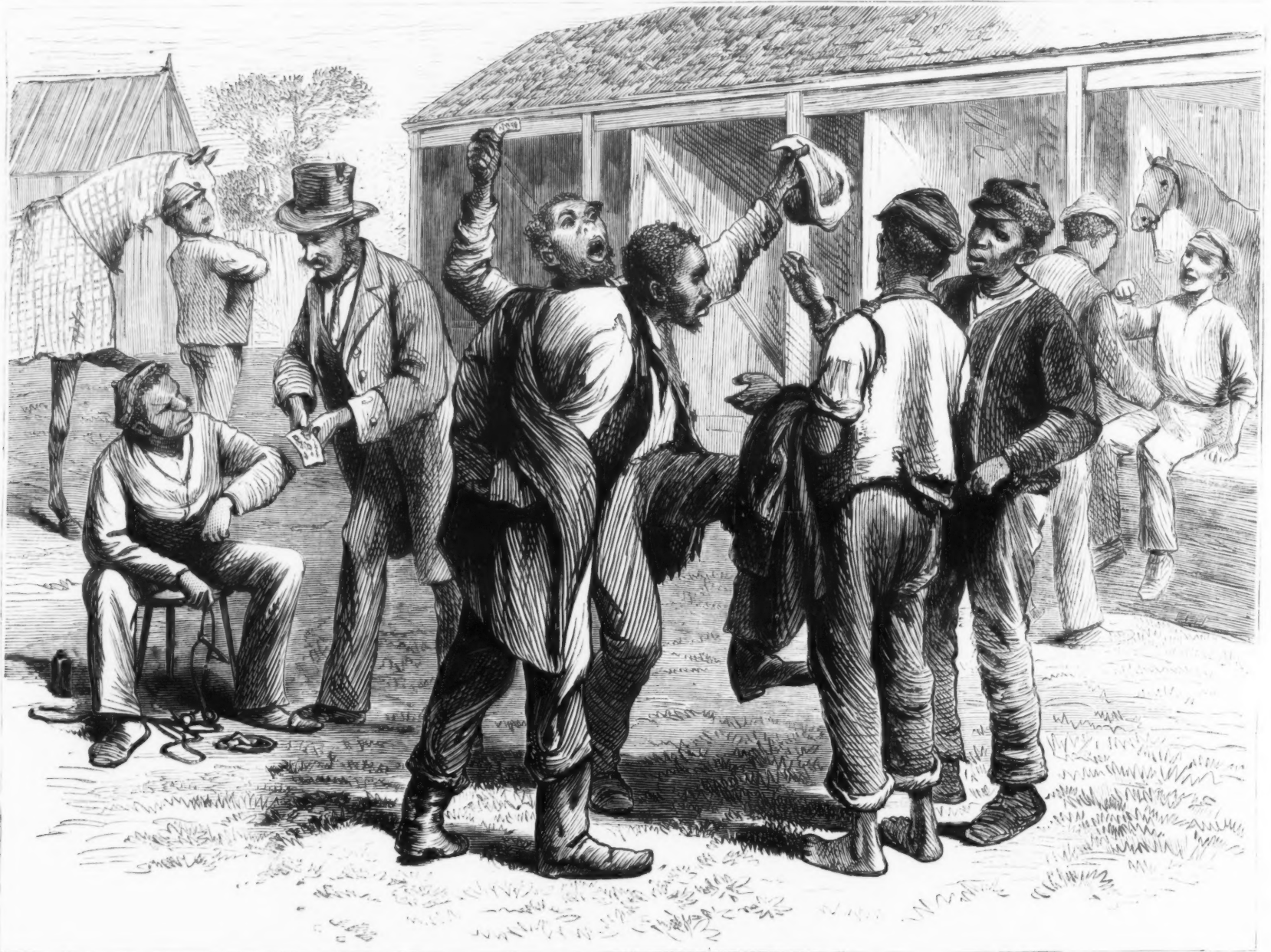
A MANUFACTURER in Bristol, England, has just made a monster umbrella for an African chief. It is 65 feet in circumference, the lance-wood ribs being a foot long, and there are 140 yards of material in it. It is covered with red, blue and white chintz, and takes two men to expand it.

THE Prussian officials are using every effort to interfere with the emigration to this country. The agents of the steamship lines who are engaged in selling emigration tickets in the eastern provinces of Prussia have, in many instances, recently been forced to discontinue their avocations.

NEBRASKA has made the 10th of April an agricultural holiday, to be called "Arbor Day," and to be devoted to the planting of fruit and forest trees. The State Agricultural Society has offered a premium of \$400 to the farmers' society of the county which plants the largest number of trees on that day, and \$25 to the man who individually plants the most.

THE recent strictures in the English as well as our own journals upon the treatment and comforts of steerage passengers during the transatlantic voyage, induced the agents of the White Star Line of steamers to invite the representatives of our city Press, a few days since, to inspect the accommodations of the *Atlantic*, a vessel by no means the best of that line. After a thorough investigation, it was the unanimous opinion of those present that in point of arrangement, cleanliness, ventilation and convenience, the proprietors had done everything in their power to lessen the discomforts which must necessarily attend such a voyage.

A LETTER from Japan states that the Government has just published three decrees, which are understood to be the precursors of other innovations so impatiently awaited by foreigners. The first is that the library of the ex-Tycoon, composed of 100,000 volumes, is open to the public without distinction of race or nationality. The second requires the natives who have foreigners in their service to pay the wages in Japanese money, and not in Mexican dollars, which would be a loss to the employed. The third authorizes the priests—1, to select what food they please for their parishioners; 2, to marry; 3, to dress themselves as they please.



NEW YORK.—THE JEROME PARK RACES—STABLE-BOYS BETTING ON THEIR FAVORITES.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

BEYOND THE TRACK AT JEROME PARK.

TO connoisseurs, the play of "Hamlet," with the character of the eccentric Dane omitted, would be a very unsatisfactory performance. There are many others who frequent the theatre, by whom the cutting would

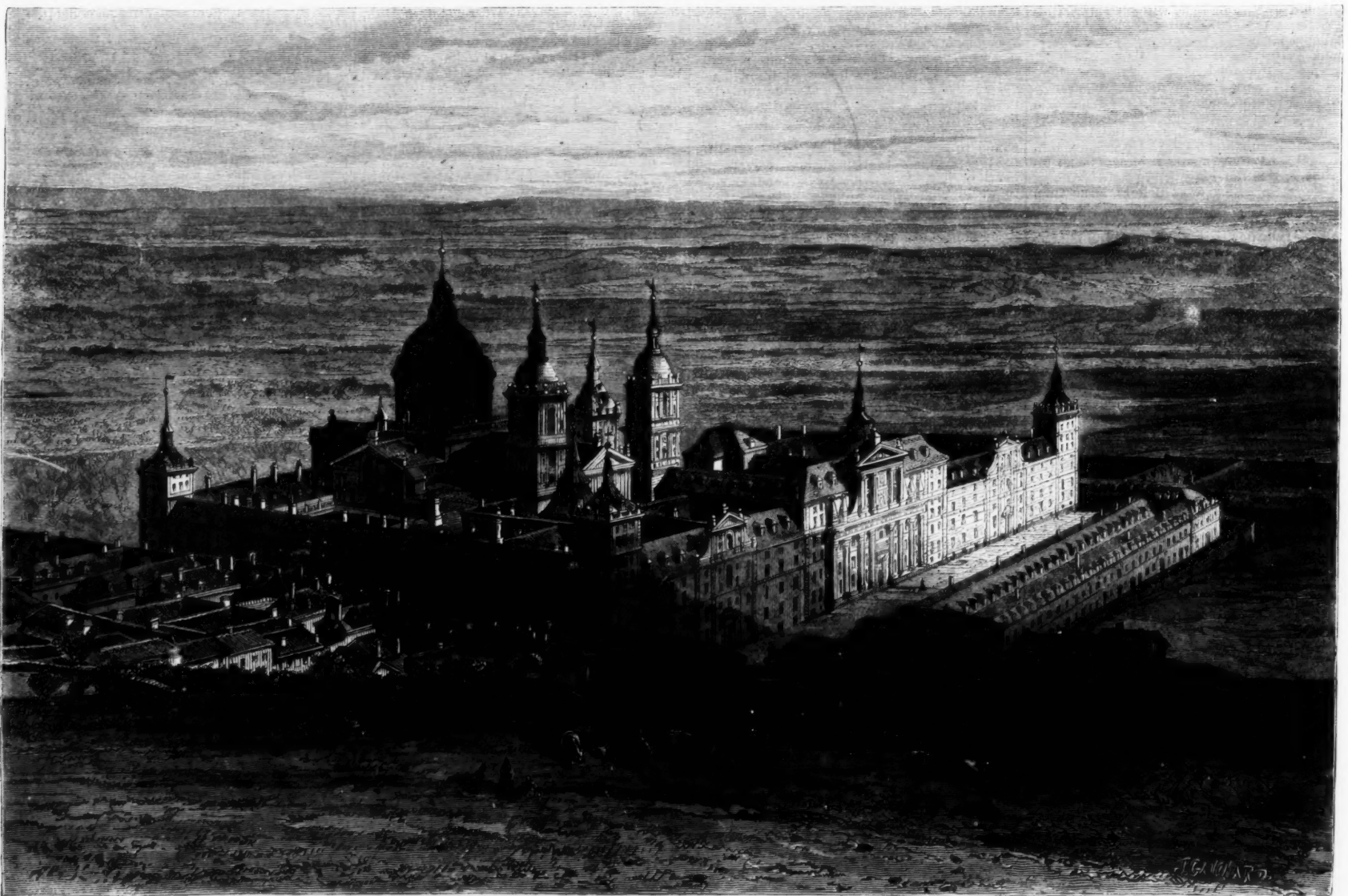
scarcely be noticed. And so of amusements in general. Turf sports furnish a species of entertainment personal to every class of visitors. The jokes at the start, the suspense of the third quarter, the boisterous excitement of the home-stretch, and the delirious exhibitions of the close, appease the appetite of thousands.

To the English boy and girl, domestic, and

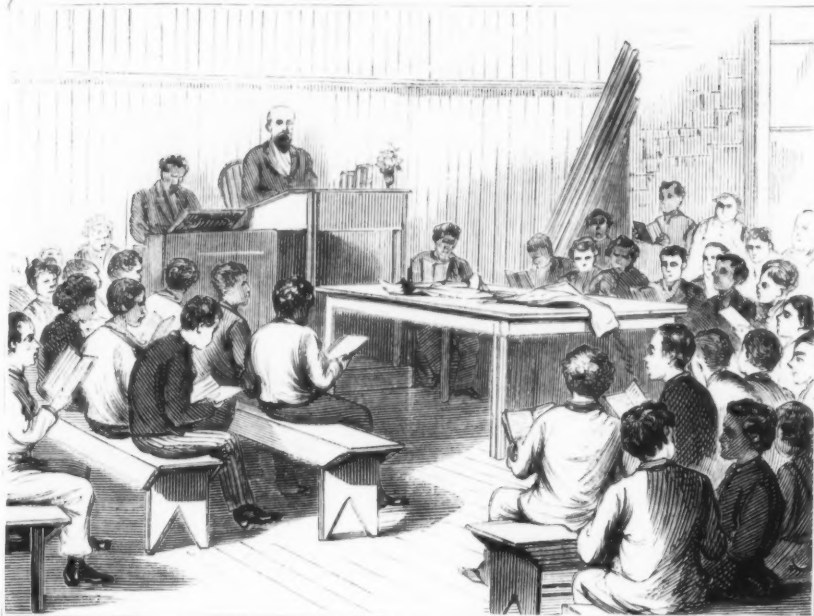
peasant, side-shows at the "Oaks" and "Derby" are far more entrancing than the race itself. "Hamlet" runs very smoothly with the initial figure neglected. At American races no feats of jugglery, sword-swallowing, fire-eating, gipsy cunning, or knife-impalement, are tolerated. But we have a show on the sly, that is the peculiar property of the negro stable-boys.

Old folks, with their diamonds and unsteady nerves, may shout themselves hoarse at the pool-stands, and when the race is determined, count themselves the most fortunate or miserable of great humanity. The province is not exclusively their own.

Go to Jerome Park on racing-day, and as the horses are led to the track, take a round-



SPAIN.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE ESCORIAL, LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—SEE PAGE 91.



THE CLASS-ROOM.



THE SHOE FACTORY.

about cut to the stables, and you will witness a phase of American independence never noticed during political campaigns, never broached in Congress, never mentioned in the Constitution nor laws of the land.

The boys are not permitted to pass from Stable Row. They know that thousands of persons are enjoying themselves beyond the track, that thousands of dollars are changing ownership. They have no dollars to stake on the result, but the temptation to indulge in the excitement of speculation is immensely strong.

The best-natured darkey is chosen umpire, judge and stake-holder, and the lads come up to the stand with great seriousness.

One has a worn-out pair of shoes to wager; another, an abbreviated, armless shirt, once red, but now of leopard hue; a third shies a crownless hat to the judge; while a fourth squad exposes a miscellaneous collection of old straps, defaced postage-stamps, patent-medicine circulars, toothless combs and hairless brushes for corporal irrigation.

"Now, den," shouts the grinning judge, "make yer bets."

"See yere, Pete, I'se gwine dis 'ere shirt dat Joe Dannels wins de fust race. What d'ye say?"

"All right, Stubs; yere's me comb an' brush dat he don't."

"Set 'em up dar," is the direction of authority. "Now, next."

"Hold up, Josh; I'se won dat already. Jist yer shoot dem 'ere traps over."

"I guess not."

"Wall, I guess yes. Didn't I bet on Joe Dannels winning de fust race? An' didn't yer take me? Wall, he isn't running in dat race at all, so I've won. Pony up, or I'll swing halter."

"De judge ob dis yere consarn decides dat such swindles is agin de sperret ob de turf, and shan't be done no more now. Gemmens must confine darselves to de rules ob de instution. Now, den, Jack, what hab yer got?"

"Wall, sah, I'se willin' to go my ole straw yere on Monarchist or Fanchon. I'se ain't carin' which, as I've rubbed dem both."

"Yere's a go! I lays by dat dese ledder gallases, dat Goldsmit Maid once took roun' de track agin time."

"I'm a markin' dat down," cries the judge.

"A pair ob shoes on Lord Byron."

"I'll match yer with a spankin' rosette."

"Dat's down, too; go on."

"I've a bandanna dat I'll hang up for Tubman. Jst look at— Yere! yere! Gone, by gosh! War's de nig dat hab stole him? Show me his hed. Oh, yer won't, eh? Wall, I'm up now, and I'se gwine for de whole squad. Come on, yer yaller birds, all at once; I'se for a fight, I is, an' ef I don't clar dis ting out I'll neber rub Dannels agin."

And away he goes, striking right and left at the crowd—a general encounter ensues—and the judge is knocked from his seat.

"When I git up I'll mark dat down, too!" he indignantly exclaims.

Shoes, straps, brushes and missiles fly hither and thither, seldom striking the right person, but hitting some one. Sud-

denly the judge seizes as many articles as he can snatch from the crowd, and darts away, shouting:

"Yere comes de hosses; de judge will deliber to-morrow all dat am won, an' confiscate all dat am lost, to hisself. Now for biz—git!"

By the time the contesting horses are led to their stalls each boy is in his place, and a stranger would fail to discover any indications of the recent "corner" in pool.



MR. LOUIS SCHNABEL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HEBREW INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE officers of the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society of this city have displayed the most practical taste in creating, for the trade education of their many youthful charges, an Industrial School, which, in its operations, has be-

come a decidedly active world. The Asylum proper is situated on the corner of Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue; and the Industrial School, at the lower end of the lot.

The new building is three stories in height, built of brick, and displays the utmost consideration for the health and comfort of its occupants. The working department consists of a shoe-shop and printing establishment, and although the work is executed by boys, it will surpass that of many older hands in durability and neatness. By the rules of admission, a boy must be either a full or half-orphan, and have passed the regular course of public-school education before being able to avail himself of trade advantages. The average age at which boys enter is fourteen years.

All orphans are boarded at the Asylum, while such as have lost one parent only, may, if they desire, live or sleep at home. Although this feature of the institution is in its experimental stage, its success is positively established. There are now in the Industrial School thirty boys, of whom twenty are in the printing establishment and ten in the shoe-factory. Besides these, there are several orphan girls employed to fold and stitch various publications.

The shoe-factory was started in 1869, and found, in the many Hebrew charitable associations, a sale for its products. Every kind of work, in the line of boots and shoes, is done by these little boys, from making new articles entire, to the minutest detail of patchwork. Besides the regular customers, considerable work has been done for outside parties.

The printing establishment was founded in 1871, by Jesse Selligman, Esq., who generously celebrated the birthday of his son by a present of the necessary apparatus to the school. This department, while being the youngest, may be considered as giving the greatest visible results of the system of trade education. All the cards, tickets, pamphlets and reports of the Orphan Asylum, and an illustrated monthly, called *Young Israel*, under the direction of the superintendent, besides a large amount of check-books, law cases, bill-heads, circulars, and other articles of stationery intended for general sale, are set up, printed and arranged for delivery by the busy little "typos."

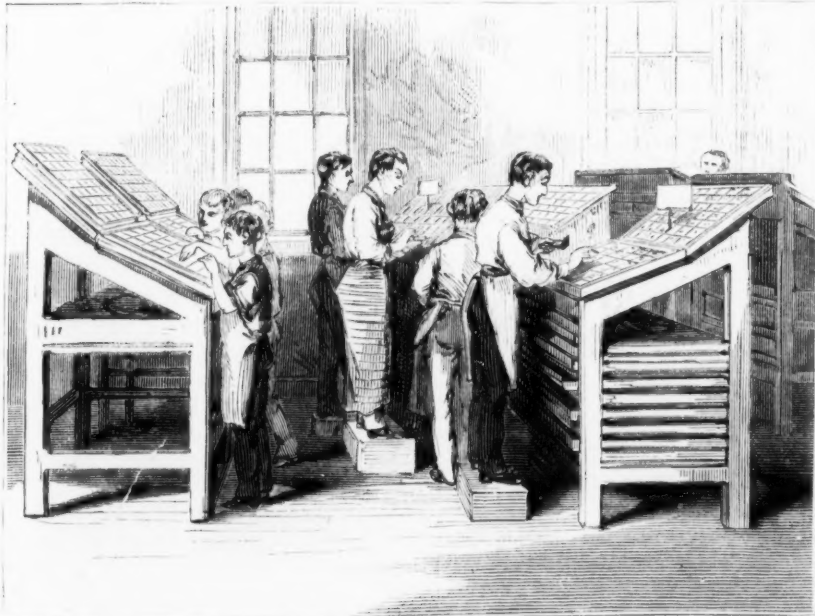
With the increase of outside business, it has frequently been necessary to add to the stock and furniture, and the expense of the new material has been defrayed by the work of the establishment. The young printers, like their friends in the shoe-factory, have laid aside a considerable sum of money, upon which they receive regular interest.

In both departments, the boys work with a hearty will, and though at first, as might be expected in apprentices of their years, exhibiting much impatience, their labor is so apportioned that they put in eight hours' service each working day. The boys have already become quite self-reliant, and appear to recognize the wealth of the facilities afforded them for their great start in life.

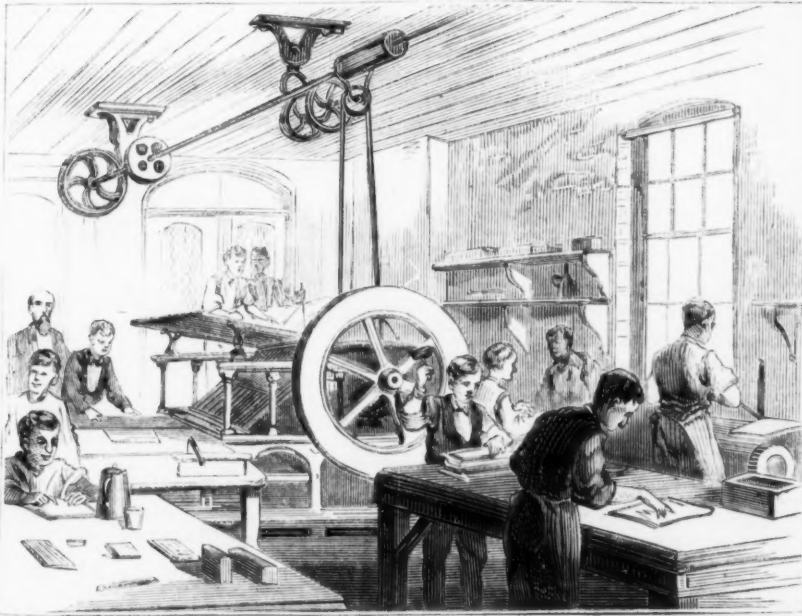
The entire building is light, airy, and comfortable.

During the year ending April 30th, 1871, the savings of the apprentices in these departments reached the sum of \$686.83, which speaks volumes for their industry.

The superintendent of the Industrial School is Mr. Louis Schnabel. He is a native of Prossnitz, Austria, and now about forty-three years of age. He studied in Vienna, and, on



THE COMPOSING-ROOM.



THE PRESS-ROOM.

completing his course, commenced teaching languages.

About 1852, removing to Paris, he was similarly engaged for nine years, when he was called to this country by Joseph Fatman, Esq., then President of the Hebrew Society, as private tutor to his children.

In 1867 he was engaged by the Board as a teacher in the Orphan Asylum, eventually becoming superintendent.

Last July he was placed in command of the Industrial School. Mr. Schnabel evinces the heartiest zeal in the interest of his charges, and labors incessantly to instruct them in all the details of their work.

The new venture is a subject of earnest watchfulness on the part of the committee of governors and other officers, whose prominence in our business and social circles satisfies the public as to the skill, completeness and practicability of the management. Besides Myer Stearns, President of the Society, and Mr. Seligman, Chairman of the Industrial Committee, the following gentlemen are intimately connected with the School: Messrs. S. S. Meyer, L. J. Phillips, G. M. Leventritt, and Jacob Goldsmith.

The friends of juvenile education, of whatever religious belief, should give this enterprise their favorable recognition, particularly as many large mercantile houses encourage it with orders for its work.

THE PUGET SOUND TIMBER TRADE.

It has been generally understood that a considerable lumber trade has grown up within the last few years on our Northern Pacific coast, but few have been aware, except those immediately interested, how extensive and far-reaching that commerce has become. The Puget Sound basin in Washington Territory is mostly covered by dense forests of fir or "Oregon pine," invaluable for ship building and other uses. Much of it can be cut on tide waters; and the rivers emptying into Puget Sound afford numberless water-powers for saw-mills. It is estimated that Western Washington has 15,000 square miles of heavily timbered lands, which will yield an average of 30,000 feet of merchantable lumber to the acre. It seems likely that this vast timber preserve is now to be drawn upon to supply the markets of the world.

From official returns it appears that the shipments of fir from the Puget Sound district reached in 1869 the figure of 136,922,512 feet. For the six months ending July 1, 1879, these shipments were 118,856,561 feet, or at the rate of 237,713,122 feet for this year. This shows an increase which will considerably more than double the trade in four years. It is well understood that the business has been much curtailed this year by scarcity of tonnage and high freights. As shipowners are learning that they can find regular and desirable employment for vessels at Puget Sound ports, it is expected this difficulty will soon disappear. The Sound is a great land-locked harbor, having a shore line of 2,000 miles, ramified by bays, channels and inlets in every direction, and safe as a mill-pond in every part. The water is very deep and the shore bold, so that ships make fast alongside the mills, and timber is often run from the saw into the hold.

The Custom House records show that during the six months above referred to vessels have been loaded for almost every accessible part of the civilized world. Callao, Tahiti, London, Mexico, Australia, Russia, New York, China, Valparaiso, Honolulu, Panama, Calcutta, and Victoria being among the names found in the columns denoting destination of cargo. The home consumption is also large, and is rapidly increasing. Kalama, Olakqua and many other new towns, are springing up, and Seattle, Olympia, Portland and the older cities are enlarging their boundaries. The building of the railroad from Kalama on the Columbia to Puget Sound has given a new impetus to the development of this whole region. This road is the north and south section of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and will connect the two Pacific coast terminal points of the main line. The Northern Pacific Land Grant in Washington and Oregon includes several million acres of these fir forests, and the opening of the country as the road advances must still further increase the growing timber trade of Washington.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

RAILWAY aphorism—Every milk train has a cow catcher.

WHEN the rain falls does it ever rise again? Yes, in dew time.

WHY are elections like tents? Because the canvases ends at the polls.

A POET begins an apostrophe to the ocean with, "Prodigious dampness!"

CAN a civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

WE are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the "close" of a Summer's day?

"Do bats ever fly in the daytime?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes, sir," the boys replied. "What kind of bats?" asked the astonished teacher. "Brick bats," yelled the boys.

ALL communications intended for publication in this journal should be authenticated by the signature of the writer's nearest relation, when any exist; in other cases the autograph of the resident physician of the asylum where the writer resides will be sufficient.

THERE is a man in Portland, Me., who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an able bodied cat by the tail to a clothes-line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving cups, brushes, etc., thrown into the yard by angry boarders in adjoining houses.

"LAME!" sighed Mrs. Partington. "Here I have been suffering for three immortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you are ill."

AN Englishman and a German were traveling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose. At one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologize for drawing his attention to the fact that the ashes of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed: "Why can't you leave me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

A PARTY who proposes to publish a new housekeeper's guide, sends the following extracts from the forthcoming work: Plain sauce—An interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk. To make a good jam—Ask any horse-car conductor. To boil tongue—Drink scalding coffee. To make a good broth—Leave a letter from one of your sweethearts where your wife can find it. How to make an Indian loaf—Give him a gallon of whisky. How to make good puffs—

Send the publisher fifty cents a line for them. A plain loaf—A visit to the pinnacles. How to make puffs—Jostle the printer's elbow. To "bone" a turkey—Take it when the pouterer is not looking. To corn beef—Feed your cattle at a brewery. How to select a bowl—Ask the umpire of a base ball match. A plain stew—A trip in an old fashioned street-car on a war day. How to dress beats—A horsewhip is a good thing to dress beats with, especially if he be a dead beat.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Pascal, New Middleton, Tenn., has a Wheeler & Wilson Lock Stitch Machine in use since 1858; it has run constantly without repairs; has 10 of the original 12 needles. Other kinds of machines wear out in a few years; she has never seen a Wheeler & Wilson worn out. In 1867 she earned \$317.55, besides doing the sewing for her family and six negro work hands and considerable for her neighbors. See the new improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations. I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,

ROBERT HARRIS,

Gen'l Supt Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

Some ladies become good operators upon double-thread sewing machines, and are justly proud of their accomplishment, but in so doing they seriously risk undermining their constitution, if they use their machines to any extent. Thousands have discovered in time that the Willcox & Gibbs is not only superior to any double-thread machine, but is also totally free from the above fatal objection. 658 Broadway, N. Y.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the *Maison Dorée*, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the elite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED

without suffering. ELASTIC TRUSSES are superseding all others. Before buying Metal Trusses or Supporters, send for a descriptive circular to the ELASTIC TRUSS CO., No. 683 Broadway, New York. 889-941

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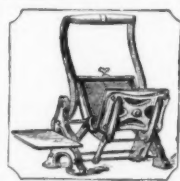
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THE SECOND GRAND GIFT CONCERT in aid of the PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY, announced for September 28, has been postponed to **December 7, 1872**, because the accumulation of orders the few days before the drawing made it physically impossible to fill them without a few days' delay, and as a short postponement was inevitable, it was determined to defer it to a time that would make a full drawing sure by the sale of all the tickets.

The money necessary to pay in full all the offered gifts is now upon deposit in the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, as will be seen by the following certificate of the Cashier:

FARMERS' AND DROVERS' BANK,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 26, 1872.
This is to certify that there is now on deposit in this bank over half a million of dollars to the credit of the Gift Concert fund, \$500,000 of which is held by this bank as Treasurer of the Public Library of Kentucky to pay off all gifts to be awarded at the drawing.

R. S. VEACH, Cashier.

1,000 Prizes, amounting to**\$500,000 in Cash**

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The drawing will positively and unequivocally take place December 7. Agents are peremptorily required to close sales and make returns November 25, in order to give ample time for the final arrangements. Orders for tickets or applications for circulars should be addressed to

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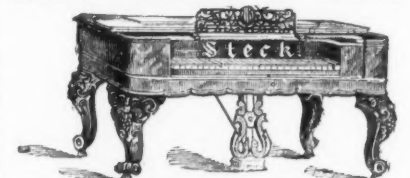
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